MEMOIR OF

MRS. J. GREENLEAF.

MRS. JANE GREENLEAF.

W. G. Sharps Lith. Boston.

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MRS. JANE GREENLEAF,

OF

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

"And she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." LUKE II. 37.

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PREFACE.

These pages had an humble origin. A daughter's hand has penned them amidst many avocations; yet not at her own suggestion. Friends, who honored her mother, desired that her religious history might be preserved; and there was no one else in circumstances to undertake the work. In deciding to do it, she relied upon important aid from her brother; but he was suddenly removed to the eternal world, leaving only an unfinished fragment for her use. A few friends have assisted her in revising it; their kindness she gratefully acknowledges.

She now casts "her bread upon the waters," praying for the Divine blessing. To her it will not, probably, return in temporal profit. To the

Christian public the work is respectfully inscribed, with all its defects. They will, at least, see from it that in the life of a retired Christian, there may be *materials for* a memoir, though they may regret that a skilful hand could not have collected and arranged them.

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JANE GREENLEAF.

CHAPTER I.

"The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them."—Ps. ciii. 17, 18.

The following Memoir of Mrs. Jane Greenleaf is not a tribute of affection merely; nor was it undertaken from any private motive. The object in view has been solely to magnify the grace of God, which made her "a burning and shining light" in the world; to exhibit, for the imitation of others, her example of active and uniform piety; and to show the faithfulness of God to His covenant with his people. It is now committed to the public, in the hope that, in this way, however humble and unpretending in itself, it may do

some good. To the memoirs of the pious dead, whether in the public or private walks of life, has the church been largely indebted for much of her piety in subsequent times. Who has not been improved by reading such memoirs as those of Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Huntingdon, Mrs. Newell, and many others? To a level with these, however, the present volume does not aspire.

The promise, originally made to Abraham, "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee," has been strikingly fulfilled to those of "like precious faith," in every succeeding age. Abundantly was it verified in the family of Mrs. Greenleaf — many, among her immediate ancestors, having been eminent Christians.

Her grandfather, Philip Coombs, a carpenter by trade, came to this country from the island of Guernsey, and settled in Newbury, now Newburyport, (Mass.) He was regular in his attendance upon public worship, and was esteemed a good man. Such, doubtless, he was also in his own estimation; for it was a day, when religion had lost her vitality, and "good works" constituted piety. To Mr. Whitefield was he indebted, like so many others in this region, for his first *correct* knowledge of himself. So powerfully was he convicted of sin under his preaching, that, for three months, he was unfitted for work.

After his conversion he was remarkable for his devout regard for the Sabbath. Of him it might be truly said, he called the Sabbath "a delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honorable." On that sacred day he took no breakfast, saying to his wife, when urged by her, "I have meat to eat that the world knows not of." That he might prepare himself for the proper reception of the truth, he went early to the house of God; and that his meditations might not be disturbed, and thus the benefit lost, he remained until the congregation had left.

Ever mindful of the uncertainty of life, and acknowledging an overruling Providence, he would not leave home, even for an absence of a few days, without first putting his hand on the head of his eldest son, William, and remaining some minutes in the attitude of prayer.

He was one of the founders and elders of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, and died in France, having been taken prisoner during the war with that country in 1759. There he was held in such veneration by the keeper of the prison, that they spoke of him as "that good Mr. Coombs."

Before his death, the Romish priests urged upon him some of the ceremonies of their church; but, firm in the faith, he resisted, with strong emotion,

even when unable to speak. His age was fifty-two years.

His wife, also, was a woman of uncommon attainments in piety; and being spared to a good old age, she had a decided influence upon the religious character of her grandchildren, whom she never ceased to instruct in the fear of the Lord. The subject of this memoir has often remarked, that "there was a peculiar *majesty* in her grandmother's piety." It was not of that dwarfish, sickly character, so common in this day, when the religion of many seems to consist more in bustling activity than in the devotion of the closet. In the duty of prayer she abounded, and, probably, to this her posterity have since been indebted. For them, even to the latest generation, she was accustomed to make special supplication. She died in 1793, aged 78 years.

Mrs. Greenleaf's father, William Coombs, was one of "Nature's noblemen," and divine grace wrought within him his parents' religious traits of character. To a natural urbanity of manner Christian principle imparted a charm, which commanded admiration and respect. Although he became early interested in the great subject of personal piety, yet "he had passed beyond the middle of life, before he collected courage to join in

full communion with the church. But ever after, "his path, like the morning light, shone brighter and brighter, to the perfect day."*

His delight was prayer, in which exercise, whether in the family or social circle, he was characterized by deep humility, reverence, and fervor, the tears generally falling down his aged cheeks, while he lamented his sins.

Like his parents, also, he was a strict observer of the Sabbath. "He literally devoted the whole day to spiritual exercises, either public or private. In the sanctuary he was a most punctual and devout worshipper."*

How he loved the Sabbath is evident from the following remark. Expressing to a daughter some doubts respecting his state, she mentioned his love for that day as an evidence of his sanctification. He replied, at once, "O! the Sabbath! why, it is no sooner come than it is gone!"

A few Sabbaths before his decease, his pastor being absent, the clergyman, who supplied the pulpit, was invited to his house. In his conversation he found enjoyment; but, on Monday, he remarked to his wife, that he missed his usual Sabbath reading, which had thus been interrupted, and he should devote Tuesday to the enjoyment of his Sabbath privileges, which accordingly he did.

* Funeral Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Dana.

"He was distinguished for his benevolence and liberality. He appeared to realize no value in wealth, but as it furnished the means of alleviating distress, and of doing good to the bodies and souls of his fellow-creatures.

"While severe in scrutinizing and judging himself, he was, as it respected others, an example of unaffected and enlarged candor, and an unusual share of the uniting, healing spirit of Christianity.

"He was seized with palsy, May 23d, 1814, and died the 28th of the same month, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. After his seizure, he had little power of speech, or thought. A few broken expressions, such as "Blessed state! Blessed Lord! Blessed Jesus! were all he uttered; but these were, probably, indications of the tranquil and happy state of his mind."*

Of her mother it is only necessary to add that she also was a child of grace, amiable in disposition, and distinguished for benevolence to the poor. Her life was not long, (as she died at the age of forty-four,) and it was clouded, during three years, by mental derangement. But reason returned before death, and her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

That the pious spirit, which animated those who went before her, lost nothing of its fervency in her,

* Dr. Dana's Sermon.

who is the subject of this memoir, will be seen in the following pages. She was well known, in a wide sphere, as "a mother in Israel," and, in her, the peculiar graces, manifested by her devout ancestors, were strongly marked.

CHAPTER II.

"I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies."
Ps. cxix. 59.

The subject of this Memoir, Jane Coombs, was born in Newburyport, January 22, 1764. She was the second child of William and Jane Coombs. In childhood, she was amiable, correct, and beloved. The influence and instructions of her parents, daily intercourse with her excellent grandmother, and the faithful preaching of the gospel by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Parsons, which were often accompanied by the special influences of the Holy Spirit, early produced, in her, much solicitude respecting her eternal welfare. Even in youth she felt that she was "a child of wrath," and needed "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost," to fit her to glorify God on earth, as well as to enjoy him in Heaven.

Still, for many years, she loved the world, and withheld her affections from her rightful Sovereign. But death entered the family, and two infant sisters and a brother were taken away; in a few years her beloved mother died, and in three weeks

after, her eldest sister followed in a rapid decline; and in two years, a very promising brother, just entering manhood, was laid in the silent tomb. Not till 1788, however, was any permanent impression made upon her mind, when the death of a favorite sister, at the early age of nineteen, was made the means of convincing her of sin, and leading her to resolve that she would seek the Lord with all her heart. Even yet, she did not, at once, forsake all for Christ. Trembling, she stood beneath Mount Sinai, whilst the trumpet sounded long and loud. "The terrors of the Lord set themselves in array against her," and his arrows rankled within. Her convictions were distressing and of long continuance. So absorbed was she in securing a refuge from the coming wrath, that she could hardly persuade herself to attend to the common duties of life. She embraced every opportunity of hearing the gospel preached, both in her own and the neighboring churches; and persevered in secret prayer, and in reading the Bible and religious books, especially Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," from which she derived much benefit. After a time, her *distressing anxiety* subsided, though her interest in religion remained. She then feared she had grieved away the Holy Spirit, and, while Christian friends hoped that she was a child of

God, she considered herself still "an alien from the commonwealth of Israel."

In December, 1796, she was united in marriage to Ebenezer Greenleaf, of Newburyport. For a time, the duties and cares of domestic life absorbed her attention, and her religious affections suffered an abatement. In the following year, when parental responsibilities were added to previous duties, she went, with increased earnestness, to "the mercy seat," that Divine grace might be bestowed on herself, and on her infant son, whom she felt bound to train up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

At that period it was the practice of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport to allow parents, of good moral character and serious deportment, to present their children for baptism, by consenting to the "half-way covenant." She was admitted to this privilege, and thought it was much blessed to her.*

In the Spring of 1799, after a careful and prayerful examination of the state of the heart before God, she discovered evidences, hitherto unnoticed, that she had been "born of the Spirit." She no longer approached God with slavish fear; but regarding him as her reconciled Father and friend, through Jesus Christ, she found much comfort in

* This practice was abandoned after 1820.

drawing nigh to Him. The conversation of a very devoted Christian, of Portland, (Maine,) was much blessed to her at this period. To him she disclosed her religious experience, and he rejoiced to find that "salvation had come to her house." She corresponded with him frequently afterwards, and derived much quickening and strength from his Christian counsel and prayers.

In August of the same year, she ventured, though with many doubts and fears, to unite with the First Presbyterian Church, of which her honored father was then an elder, and Rev. Dr. Dana the pastor. From this period she made religion the chief business of her life, and to its close, exemplified its excellency in an uncommon degree.

CHAPTER III.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."—Ps. xcii. 12.

"From a secret source," says an able writer, "the believer in Jesus draws his life. The morning portion of the Word, the morning prayer, the morning meditation; these are the 'stolen waters,' which keep him green all day; and, even in the desert, there is a dew, which, descending on his branches over night, brings him forth fragrant and lively to the morrow." This "secret source" and fountain of spiritual life the subject of this memoir had now discovered. The path to its healing waters was made familiar to her; and, during her whole subsequent life, she was "obstinately punctual" to her stated seasons of devotion.

But the children of God are reminded that it is "through much tribulation they must enter the kingdom of Heaven." Says the writer already quoted, (Hamilton,) "It is by means of the sifting and crushing processes, to which they are subjected, by the Providence of God, that they

become 'the salt of the earth,' 'the lights of the world;'" and many and severe were the trials through which she passed.

In the summer of 1801, she was prostrated by severe illness, which continued for six months, and brought her, apparently, near to death. But God had a work for her to do on earth, before her warfare was accomplished; and she was, gradually, restored.

After her recovery the nerve of the ear was discovered to have sustained so much injury, that, ever after, she was afflicted with deafness. At first, it was only slight; but it gradually increased, so that, for the last twenty-five years of her life, she never heard a sentence from the pulpit, although she was able to hear the conversation of friends, when they sat by her side, till within the last ten years, when she was obliged to have the aid of a trumpet for that purpose.

This deafness was a sore trial to her. She often said, "It was a blow at the root of her pride;" but she blessed God for it, feeling that it was absolutely necessary. As other trials followed, some of which were wholly unexpected, and peculiarly heart-rending, she bowed to the strokes of her Heavenly Father's rod, being more solicitous to have them *sanctified* than *removed*. Whatever instrument was employed for her correction, she

looked above *second causes*, and received it as from the hand of *God*. When any fresh trial was sent, her first petition was, usually, that of Job, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me;" and she at once commenced the work of self-examination, that she might discover, confess, and forsake the sins, which had made the discipline necessary.

In the life of the Rev. Thomas Boston, an eminent Scotch divine, it is stated, that when he was in any perplexity, either temporal or spiritual, he never obtained an "outlet," until he had made a full confession of his sins to God. After reading this, she adopted the same practice, and, often, when her way was hedged up, she would say, "I think I have not recollected all my sins; I must begin with the sins of my youth." In the opinion of the world, her early life was free from blemish; but she looked at herself in the glass of God's law, and realizing its strictness and spirituality, she saw so much sin in her heart and life, as to require deep self-abasement before God.

While in her father's house, she was accustomed to affluence; subsequently, she passed through embarrassed and straitened circumstances. Here, too, she acquiesced in the wise allotments of Divine Providence, often remarking that these outward trials were best adapted to subdue her

natural independence; and so often was the hand of God stretched out for her relief, and such proofs of his love and care did she receive, that she was enabled to trust in him more simply than she would have done in other circumstances. She always went to God with all her *temporal* wants, as well as her *spiritual* necessities; and, sometimes, while she was yet speaking, an answer to her requests was granted.

The following is one, among many, of the interpositions of Providence, which she experienced.

Being in want of a small sum of money, after spreading her case before the Lord, she called on a friend, who possessed ample means, and requested, of him, the loan of the amount needed. He declined coldly, but politely, which was so unexpected, that she left his door much depressed in spirits. But, as she came down the steps, the lines,

> "Your heaps of glittering dust are *yours*,
> And *my Redeemer's mine*,"

were so powerfully suggested to her mind, as to dispel her despondency, and she walked cheerfully towards her home. On her way, she called at another friend's, but not with any intention of asking his aid. In conversation, she incidentally mentioned her disappointment. The gentleman

immediately inquired what sum she wanted? and, on her naming it, said, "I will let you have it." Going to his desk, he handed her the money, and wrote a note for her signature, saying, "you can take your own time to repay it." With a heart of admiring gratitude she returned home, to raise a fresh "Ebenezer" to her "Helper, God." In a few months the kind friend was removed by death, and before arrangements could be made to cancel the note, his children sent it to her *as a gift*. While life lasted she never forgot the favor, or ceased to pray that this family might be rewarded with spiritual blessings.

She often spoke of a sermon of one of her pastors, Rev. Mr. Murray, from the text which stands at the head of this chapter, and quoted one remark in it, viz.: "Naturalists tell us that weights are hung on the limbs of the palm-tree to make it bear fruit; so God hangs the weights of affliction on believers that they may be fruitful;" and, as her trials increased, she would say, "These are some of the weights."

In addition to the bereavements, mentioned in the preceding chapter, her venerated grandmother was removed by death in 1793. In 1805 a sister, and in 1812 two sisters also died, and in 1814 her father was taken to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." That she *felt*

all these trials no one could doubt; but she bore them with resignation to the Divine will, being anxious only to profit by them.

As exhibiting her feelings and habits at this period of her life, the following extracts from a journal, which she kept during more than fifty years, and in which she recorded the events and mercies of every day, may be given.

"*January* 22*d*, 1810. — My birth day — just forty-six years old. How long have I been spared, and to how little purpose have I lived! I am a wonder to myself, when I take a review of my life, and think of the changes through which I have passed. One mercy has followed another; yet I have been unmindful of the hand which has been showering them upon me. How many of my dear friends are gone down to the house of silence! Alas! my leanness! my leanness!

"*February* 18*th*, *Sabbath Evening*. — Mr. G. Spring preached in the morning. Text, 'I will be a Father unto you,' &c. Afternoon, Mr. Dana. Ps. cxxvi. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion,' &c. In the evening, Mr. Stuart of New Haven. I admired him. His prayer was reverent; sermon solemn; manners perfectly unaffected. Text, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation!' As nearly as I could hear, he told us, that many, who kept

up the form of godliness, were yet neglecters of this salvation. I wish to push the inquiry home to my own heart, Am I not one of these neglecters?"

"*June 8th, Communion Sabbath.* — Text, 'And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.' A solemn, clear discourse. In the communion season, I felt more comfortable than common. This day's solemn transaction is recorded on high. Why this insensibility, O! my soul? If my heart has never been renewed, I am in a most dreadful state. If it has, 'why is my love so faint, so cold to thee,' O! thou source of all Divine joy? I do hope, at times, that I am regenerated; but still I am cold and insensible under Thy cultivation. Gracious God, Thou knowest my inmost soul. Do thou enable me now to live wholly to Thy glory. Let my all be consecrated to Thee. I am unworthy; but Thou delightest to show mercy, even to the vilest of the vile. Be pleased to let me see my guilt and ill-desert.

"*June 15th, Sabbath Evening.* — What reason have I to be glad, and rejoice in the goodness of the Most High to me and mine! We are spared, monuments of mercy, while death has cut down a promising child in this neighborhood. Let it not be in vain that we are spared. O! Gra-

cious Parent, give me grace to live devoted to Thy glory! Let me not sink when chastened by Thy rod; but 'show me wherefore Thou contendest with me' and mine. Give me patience, and true submission to Thy holy will. When I know not what to do, O! lead me in the right way!

"*August* 19*th*. — Think of going to Chester to-morrow, to visit Aunt Wilcomb. Gracious Parent, let my eye be single to Thy glory in this, and every undertaking. Without thy blessing nothing prospers. O! that I may be enabled to give up myself and family, in faith, into Thy hands, and trust Thy care! O! for true wisdom to order my conversation aright!

"*September* 15*th*, *Sabbath Evening*. — How cold and dead have I been, to-day, to spiritual things! O! for the quickening and enlivening influences of the Holy Spirit to descend on my dead soul, and not on mine only, but on all this family, and the whole world! O! that I may be enabled to make some progress in the Divine life, if I have set out therein! If not, O that I may begin to live a new life, by faith in Christ!"

The following extracts were written during a short visit in D.

"*September* 25*th*, *Saturday Evening*. —Well may I say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.' O! that a blessing may

come down on this family! May they have spiritual blessings for the temporal favors bestowed on me! Their kindness will leave a lasting impression on my mind.

"I feel that the holy Sabbath is now begun. I desire to lift my heart to God for a blessing on myself and others, that it may be a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me! Deliver me from distracting cares and vain thoughts. Be with my dear family. Preserve them from sin and every evil. O! that we may meet in safety, with hearts glowing with gratitude!

"*Sabbath, 26th.* — I awoke early, and endeavored to realize that this was a day of holy rest. After breakfast, read Romaine's 'Walk of Faith;' an excellent book. May its truths sink deep into my heart, and spring up and bear fruit, spiritual and abiding! Mr. Gile, of Milton, preached. Text, 'Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.' It was a very experimental discourse. He said, Christians should be all one. Paul, when he was converted, began to pray for that cause which he had before opposed. The hidings of God's face are salutary to the saints; they are thus led to trust less to themselves, and to see their need of Divine teaching; they have no strength of their own; but they

have the word of God for it, that they shall persevere. They are apt to be taken up with worldly objects, which deaden the life of faith. It is a great mercy that God visits them with afflictions, which wean their hearts from the world, and lead them to be more spiritually-minded. When creature comforts fail them, they soar aloft for true happiness, where alone it can be found. I was much pleased with the subject; wish I could remember more.

"In the afternoon his subject was, the man lying at the pool of Bethesda. An excellent sermon, upon the sad state of all unconverted sinners; and their only hope of salvation is from the blood of Christ being applied to their souls. An invitation was given to all to spend the remainder of this day in serious self-examination, to know if they have been washed in this precious blood. I enjoyed the whole services very much. The singing was delightful. Was pleased to see so many serious looking men. Now I am retired to my chamber to meditate on what I have heard. How stands the case with my own soul? Blessed Jesus, if I have not been washed in this precious pool, do thou now wash away my crimson sins. 'None but a bath of blood Divine' can cleanse my guilty soul. O! thou Holy Dove, descend, and quicken many precious souls in this place.

Let a copious shower fall on all around! As we come from these ordinances, may we be prepared for every conflict that awaits us. If disappointments and crosses are near, may I possess my soul in patience."

The following extract, written the next day, will show her diligence in improving opportunities to do good: —

"*Monday*, 27*th*. — Returned home. Had some interesting conversation with a gentleman in the stage coach, who seemed to be an unbeliever. A young gentleman joined me in endeavoring to remove some of his objections; and I thought, at last, he felt somewhat humbled; at least, he acknowledged some things which he denied at first. The moderation of the young gentleman seemed to strike him agreeably. When we stopped, he asked me if I knew him. I told him I did not. He said he admired him.

"*Oct*. 27*th*, *Sabbath*. — In the morning, as soon as I awoke, endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts, and send up my desires for a blessing. Met with some trials. After breakfast, collected the children, and read the conversion of the Jailor, and attempted to look to God, in an united manner, for a blessing, and had time to read afterwards. We attended meeting. Mr.

Dana preached on a part of Rev. vii.: 'These are they that have come out of great tribulation,' &c. A solemn sermon. He observed that 'the righteous generally experience great trials; not that troubles *prepare* them for heaven; but they are sanctified to them to wean them from earth, and purify their souls.'

"Afternoon. Text, 'The fear of the wicked shall come upon him.' This he proved in various ways. One fear is, that the Bible will prove true. However they may try to banish the thought by gay company and amusements, yet they cannot get rid of it. The gay are the wretched; the serious only have cause for real joy. How safe are those who are real Christians; seeking the glory of God; longing to be made holy; thirsting for the waters of life; mourning for sin! O! that I may be one of those!

"29*th*, *Tuesday*. — How many favors we forget, and how little gratitude do we feel, when we realize that we do receive great mercies! I desire to be deeply humbled under a sense of my insensibility, when I am daily receiving numberless favors. When I look back on my past life, what do I discover but great provocations, and great mercies! O! thou gracious Parent, look down in pity on me, thy guilty creature, and forgive my sins of early childhood, and of riper years!"

The succeeding extracts are of various, but uncertain dates : —

"*Sabbath.*—Mr. Abbott, of Beverly, preached. Text, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous.' He was solemn and engaged, and, I thought, remarkably clear. His prayer was uncommonly good. He addressed convicted sinners. I hope and pray that a blessing will follow his labors here. I longed to have the house crowded, and all in tears; but the set time for a general revival of religion among us, seems not to have come, as it has in other places. O! for more engagedness among Christians! O! for a refreshing shower of Divine influence on my own soul, that I may live to more purpose!"

"Heard that a little boy was drowned to-day. Death meets us in every direction.

> 'Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
> To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
> The glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
> For us they languish, and for us they die;
> And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?'

My mind has been solemn and serene to-day; felt desirous to live above the world."

"Mrs. H. died to-day, and Mrs. P.'s child is very sick. We are spared to the close of another

week, while one of our kindred has passed the gulf of death, and others appear to be hovering over the brink of the grave. Pause, my soul, and consider thy latter end. It may be near. Time is but a moment compared to eternity; and yet, how we waste this inestimable jewel! I desire to be up and doing, for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device in the grave, whither we are hastening."

These extracts, though written without the most remote idea of publication, will show that she scrutinized her own heart, and earnestly desired to make a suitable improvement of the means of grace and of all the providences of God.

CHAPTER IV.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."—Eph. vi. 18.

The earliest recollections of the children of this honored mother, are those which relate to her prayers and constant efforts for their salvation, and that of her household, and, in fact, of all who came within the sphere of her influence. Every morning and evening it was her uniform practice to retire with them for reading the Scriptures and prayer; nor can they ever forget the solemnity and fervor with which she made known her requests to God.

She laid hold of the covenant in their behalf, believing that her prayers would be answered, and they be made the subjects of renewing grace, while with diligence she labored to persuade them to choose that good part which could not be taken away.

After the death of her father in 1814, she seemed to catch his falling mantle, and to give herself to prayer with increased earnestness. She joined a female praying circle, and, in succeeding

years, aided in establishing and sustaining others, from which she was never absent, unless providentially detained.

The benevolence of her heart prompted her to be much in intercession for others. Nor did she content herself with an *occasional* petition for them; she *persevered* in prayer in their behalf.

For more than twenty years before her decease, she devoted a part of every Friday morning to special prayer for Christian friends and their families, and many other individuals, for whose salvation she had strong desires. She has left a list of nearly *one hundred* persons who were the subjects of these prayers. This plan was first suggested by reading in the life of a Methodist lady, (Mrs. Fletcher, I believe,) that many persons of that denomination kept every Friday as a season of fasting and prayer. Ever after, she adopted a similar practice; and many were the instances of hopeful conversion among those for whom she thus prayed.

Her prayerful life was also an *active* one. She was always ready for every good word and work; never deferring to "a more convenient season" any plan of usefulness which she had in contemplation. To labor for the benefit of souls was her chief delight, and having a peculiar *tact* for religious conversation, she seldom was in the company of any ersons, even for a short time, with-

out speaking to them, either directly or indirectly, concerning their spiritual interests, and the necessity of securing a part in the blessings of the gospel; and as she always considered courtesy as one of the Christian virtues, she seldom, or never, gave offence.

Did a young friend overtake her on her way to the house of God, the opportunity was improved to urge her to choose the "good part." One such instance is remembered, where the exhortation was fastened by the Holy Spirit in the mind, and resulted in the hopeful conversion of her friend. Did a friend or stranger call upon her, she had a word or a tract to give, or a book to lend. When visiting the poor or sick, she would pray with them, and point them to the Saviour of sinners. When she travelled in the stage coach, she watched for an opportunity of doing good there, and faithfully improved it; and when she stopped at an inn, the same object was kept in view, and a few tracts were left with the hope of usefulness. These were the every day results of her piety.

"In the tender mercy of our God," says Hamilton, "there are distributed through the church, and consequently through the world, many who, in beneficence, flourish like the palm. 'To do good and to communicate,' they never forget.

They cannot avoid it. It is now spontaneous with them, for God gave them the disposition when he gave them their new nature. Like a cool shadow in a scorching day, their counsel revives the perplexed, and their sympathy soothes the sad." The subject of this memoir was one of these. She shared the joys and sorrows of others, so far as she knew them, and always welcomed to her house any who needed her counsel, without thinking of any inconvenience to herself. Anxious inquirers resorted to her frequently, whom she directed to the "Lamb of God," earnestly exhorting them to make sure work of conversion, and build their hopes for eternity on the only safe foundation.

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL.

"*Nov. 2d*, 1819, *Tuesday.* — I went with Mrs. P. and Miss B. to visit the colored people. They received us kindly. We gave them some tracts, and spoke to them upon the importance of their attending to religion. We found three who hope they are Christians.

"19*th*, *Friday.* — No company except ——. I found her, as I do often, cold as to spiritual things, though she seems to have very clear ideas of the truth, and likes good books; but I wish

she felt more for the salvation of souls. I desire to commend her to God.

"20*th*, *Saturday*. — Mrs. P. called. She was distressed about her daughter, who was going to a party in the evening. I wonder not at her being in trouble. It is melancholy to have people so wicked. We may expect the judgments of heaven if we encroach on the Sabbath. Lord, be pleased to open their eyes, and show them their guilt and danger before it is too late.

"*Dec.* 2*d*, *Thanksgiving Day*. — Text, 'In everything give thanks.' How many mercies have I to record during the past year! My health has been improved, after great weakness; a great burden removed, under which I was ready to sink; and I trust I have received an answer to the requests I have been offering for twenty years. But where shall I begin or end the record of all the blessings bestowed?

"19*th*, *Sabbath*. — I awoke with no deep sense of the importance of keeping this day holy; my thoughts were scattered; but, after breakfast, felt more life; had some liberty in pleading for the souls of sinners, and for a blessing on ministers and people. Though not well enough to go out, the morning went off rapidly. Mr. Dana expounded upon the disciples showing Christ the the temple. Afternoon text, 'I will not let thee

go, except thou bless me.' Subject — the importance of importunate, persevering prayer; our lifeless manner of asking is one reason why we do not obtain more frequent answers to prayer. Read Watson's Body of Divinity.

"30*th*, *Thursday*. — B. H. called. She was much distressed, fearing she had committed the unpardonable sin. I tried to comfort her.

"*Jan.* 23*d*, 1820, *Sabbath*. — Though I am oppressed for breath, have had a better day than I expected. Read the Bible, and 'Practical Piety.' That part designed for a sick person, was quite reviving to me. I want to feel more entirely resigned under this rod, and every other, which is laid upon me. The trial of having some good people think hard of me for speaking too freely, has caused me some uneasiness. Hope I shall be suitably humbled under it. I desire to look above *second causes*, and see how richly I deserve this chastisement from *God*. I think I was to blame for speaking so freely; but I hope I intended no harm, but rather benefit. I must watch and pray more against this easily besetting sin of speaking too much of others. The Lord can bring good out of evil, and I hope he will overrule this event, for his glory and my benefit. Lord, make me willing to bear any cross thou shalt, in thy wisdom, see best to lay upon me!

"31*st.* — I am greatly desirous of the salvation of my dear son. I may say, he has been a son of many prayers; and I do trust he will be renewed and sanctified in God's own time.

"*Feb.* 16*th, Wednesday.* — A day of fasting and prayer for the out-pouring of the Spirit. Eight ministers and churches united in it. It was a solemn and interesting season. In the morning, Mr. Giles preached in his own church, where all assembled. In the afternoon, Mr. Withington preached in ours; and, though the walking was very wet, yet the houses were filled, and the exercises very appropriate, as I am told. I was unable to go out, but enjoyed the day at home.

"*March* 19*th.* — Heard that the good work in Byfield, which commenced some weeks since, increases, and that there are favorable appearances in the lower part of Newbury. O! if these poor, hardened people should be visited with salvation, what a great mercy it would be! Some efforts have often been made for them, without any lasting benefit; but now, when the breath from the four winds has come, the stout-hearted begin to tremble.

"*April* 8*th, Communion Sabbath.* — Not well enough to go out. Read Henry's Commentary, and Watson's Divinity. I am not weary *of* Sabbath work; but as I am weak, my frame grows

tired. There is a 'rest for the people of God,' where we shall never faint, nor grow weary. May I be daily preparing for it.

"*May.* — Had a letter from an absent relative. He hopes his heart is changed. What a mercy if it is! Lord, preserve him from every temptation! I have reason for gratitude that I am so well, though I fear to go out yet. If the Lord continues his blessing, I hope to get out soon; but I am willing to wait his time, knowing it is the best time for all things.

"*May* 14*th*, *Sabbath.* — After having been confined by sickness for some time, I was enabled once more to present myself in the house of God. It seemed almost as though I had come back from the unseen world. I felt the solemnity of my situation. Though weak, I heard more than I have for months, if not a year, or more. Mr. Dana preached upon prayer, and urged the duty on Christians, and spoke to the young and to mourners very solemnly. Evening, read 'Zion's Pilgrim.'

"19*th*, *Saturday.* — Received a letter and a present from a friend. How thankful I ought to be to her, but, above all, to him who put it into her heart to supply my outward wants. O! how good and gracious art thou, my Heavenly Father!

Draw out my heart in love and gratitude to thee. Let my future life be consecrated to thy service.

"*June 3d, Saturday.* — Heard that I. C. was dead. May this solemn event be sanctified to his father, and friends, and all. I am now brought to the close of another week, in better health than I have had of late. My mind has been distressed respecting a new event in the family; but I desire to look to the Lord for help and direction. I have passed through many stormy scenes, but the Lord has sustained me; and though at times things look dark to *sense*, yet *faith* looks through the cloud. That God, who has been with us in six troubles, will not, I believe, forsake us in seven."

CHAPTER V.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love thee." — Ps. cxxii. 6.

That this lamented mother earnestly desired the extension of the kingdom of Christ in the world, the preceding pages prove. Hers was a spirit of enlarged Christian philanthropy, and it influenced her daily life. A friend, who saw her frequently in the course of thirty years, "could never recollect a single instance, in which the cause of Christ did not seem paramount to every other in her view, and was not, more or less, the subject of conversation and deep interest."

For a revival of religion she uniformly prayed and labored, and always found time for this purpose, amidst her domestic duties. When the blessing descended, she was filled with gratitude, and faithfully improved the opportunity, which general seriousness afforded, to press the claims of religion upon her friends and others; and as her judgment and experience were great, she was always a valuable assistant to the ministry in the work of winning souls to Christ. Nor did her

zeal and activity decline, as is too often the case, when the revival seemed to have ceased. There was nothing spasmodic about her piety, or her zeal; but to labor for Christ was the great business of her life.

In her conduct during the existence of apparent revivals, and her feelings concerning the errors in management, which have sometimes, perhaps too often, marred their beauty and efficiency, she was greatly influenced by the following circumstance.

During the years 1800 and 1801, there was a very extensive work of grace in Newburyport. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon the churches; multitudes were awakened; and it resulted in the "turning of many to the wisdom of the just;" their subsequent lives proving them to have been truly "born of the Spirit." In the opinion of competent judges, it was the most extensive revival that has been enjoyed in Newburyport for the last half century. But, unquestionably, there was much of mere animal excitement, and something for Christians to regret in many of the services. During the early part of this revival, she was confined at home by slight indisposition, but heard much, from opposers of the work, of the confusion which prevailed in some of the meetings. The first time she attended, after a serious and excellent sermon, a young layman was

invited to lead in prayer. His apparent irreverence disgusted her, and, mistaking the hour of *nine* for *ten*, she left the house with her husband, and expressed her disapprobation to him in strong terms. The next day, however, she felt herself rebuked in the following manner. Taking up the life of Col. James Gardiner, she read, that "wherever he saw any hopeful appearances of a revival of religion, he disregarded the errors, and did all in his power to promote the good work." At once she resolved to imitate his example, and ever after followed it; not *sanctioning* what was *wrong*, but not keeping herself aloof and remaining inactive because of it.

The following extract from her extensive correspondence, was written during a period of unusual seriousness in Newburyport.

To Mrs. M. C., of D.

"Newburyport, July 30, 1822.

"My dear Mrs. C.,

"I will devote a few minutes this evening to writing you; and will state a few particulars respecting the good work which has been going on among us of late. The operations of the Holy Spirit are very silent, but discernible in their effects. For many months a small cloud has been rising, and distilling in precious mercy-drops.

Some Christians are awake, others still slumber. Our meetings for prayer have been increased. Some small circles of this kind have been much blessed. For instance, a few females have met, one evening in the week, to pray for five or six of their unconverted friends. Two such circles have been formed in our church, of the young members; and there have been some answers to their prayers. Every Sabbath evening there are prayer meetings in Mr. Dimmick's church, and in our chapel. The ministers attend, the brethren assisting in the exercises. Mr. Williams has an inquiry meeting every Tuesday evening. From twenty to thirty attend it. From fifty to eighty have attended Mr. Dimmick's. The work has been, principally, in his society; but now it has extended to the others. The subjects of the work are, generally, the young; but there are several instances of middle aged persons. There are three young ladies in this neighborhood who seem to be in a hopeful state. —— is more thoughtful of late. I find she reads the Bible with Henry's Commentary. She has a hearing ear, and likes the closest sermons the best.

"Mr. Williams is much engaged, and feels encouraged at the present prospect. He is a bold defender of the faith; and, in this day of error, we ought to love such men.

On the whole, respecting the good work here, I speak with caution; and yet I must say, that the Spirit of God is among us, awakening the attention of many, quickening Christians, and impelling them to make great exertions for others; and yet, they are not half enough aroused. O! if we all felt the worth of souls, how we should exert every power and talent in the cause of Christ!

"Mr. Williams has proposed to the church, to appoint a committee of the brethren to visit those parents who have given up their children in baptism, to converse with them and their children upon the nature of their obligations, and to urge their duty upon them. I feel glad that these means have been resorted to; but, after all, God must bless these efforts, or they will be in vain. Duty is ours; events are God's. It is high time for us all to awake out of sleep, as error is making such inroads upon us. And yet, it becomes those who trust they hold the truth, to be very humble and circumspect, for we know not how far we are to be tried. Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

She possessed a zealous missionary spirit. Before the organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, she became

deeply interested in the spread of the gospel among heathen nations, and that interest never suffered the least abatement to the day of her death. For all the other benevolent enterprises of the day, also, she had a warm regard, and took an active part in promoting them. Her means were small, and often precarious; but she never failed to cast her mite into the treasury of the Lord at the proper season.

There was one object in which she was specially and deeply interested till her death. This was the spiritual improvement of the people living on the "Isles of Shoals," a cluster of islands in the ocean, lying within the bounds of New Hampshire, about twenty miles from Newburyport. For the last thirty years of her life, she cordially co-operated with those who sustained a mission there; and after she had entered upon her seventieth year, the principal care of providing ministers and teachers, and of raising funds for their support, was voluntarily assumed by herself,* until her growing infirmities obliged her to reliquish it. A few weeks before her decease, she proposed sending them some papers and tracts.

In securing funds for this mission, she ventured out *in faith*, without any certainty how or where

* See Appendix, No. 2.

the full amount would be obtained. In her journal, she often mentions receiving a few dollars for "the Shoals" as a providential favor.

At one time, she needed five dollars to make up the sum due the teacher in a few days. While conversing with a friend, Rev. Dr. Dimmick brought in that amount from an unknown donor. As she received it, she turned to her friend, saying, "I knew I should get it."

These people were constantly remembered in her prayers, especially on Fridays; and much did she rejoice when any report of their improvement reached her ears.

In a recent visit to these islands, the writer found her mother's "labors of love" for them gratefully remembered; and evidence was apparent that much good had resulted from the establishment of this mission. The news of her decease, she was told, had caused much mourning among the inhabitants. She herself was kindly received for her mother's sake, one of them saying, as he rowed her to Gosport, "I cannot do too much for you." May they be led to love and serve that Saviour who was "all in all" to their benefactress!

The following letter, to a friend in affliction, will show how active were the sympathies of her heart, and how much engaged for others.

"Newburyport, March 26, 1823.

"My dear Mrs. C.,

"Ever since I heard of the mingled cup of mercy and affliction, which you have been called to drink, my thoughts have often been with you. I hope the trial will draw you very near to your heavenly Father. Those crosses which have this effect, we must number among our richest blessings, however sharp and distressing they may be while we are enduring them.

"I have felt deeply interested in the state of the dear little child. My first desire has been, that his precious soul may be washed in the Redeemer's blood, and that he may live and be a bright example of real piety. We see, in the sufferings of these little ones, the infinite evil of sin.

"We find, by daily experience, that this is only a state of trial; and yet, alas! how slow of heart are we in learning this lesson! We are expecting rest here, instead of pressing forward, and endeavoring to live above the world.

"From what I hear, I think you have been enabled to exercise real submission under this sharp rod. I hope you will come out of the furnace purified as silver seven times refined.

"I have often felt that so much worldly prosperity as you have been indulged with for many years, was dangerous, and I have trembled for

you, for the Christian needs affliction. As to myself, I find I need constant discipline to keep me low, 'for pride is apt to rise and swell.' I sincerely wish you Divine support under this recent trial, and every other that Infinite Wisdom shall allot you. I hope you will enjoy much of your Saviour's presence, and press forward with new zeal, and soon have the satisfaction of seeing the work of the Lord prospering around you. I trust the revival in Boston will reach your church.

"May you have the satisfaction of seeing your dear children, as they rise up into life, becoming truly pious! May they be ornaments to the church, and useful members of society!

"The accounts of revivals of religion in different parts of our land, are very cheering. I wish I could tell you that a great revival of religion had commenced here; but I cannot. And yet there is 'a still small voice' among us. In the North Society many are asking the way to Zion, and about twenty are rejoicing in hope, and several, in our society and in different parts of the town, are awakened. Many Christians are aroused to greater faithfulness. Our meetings are crowded and solemn. Mr. Williams is much engaged. His sermons are very clear and solemn. I hope a brighter day is dawning. Seven little boys are so much impressed with serious things, as to meet by

themselves for prayer, one evening in the week. Some aged people are alarmed. Do pray for us; we need prayer, for the multitude are going the downward road.

"Your kind offer of sending some tracts from your society, will be gratefully accepted. A large field of usefulness for them opens, but I wish not to intrude.

"Accept much love from

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

The following is a record of "a walk of usefulness:"

"*October 9th*, 1823. — At 2 o'clock, in the afternoon, set out with Mrs. M. T. to call at some houses in the lower part of the town, to inquire for any families who were destitute of Bibles, and unable to purchase them. We made nine calls; saw some Christian friends, and had pleasant interviews with them. We were treated with kindness by all we visited. Conversed with two females, who indulged in the habit of intemperance. We said much to them upon the importance of their immediate repentance and reformation. We endeavored to persuade them to forsake their sins, and fly to the arms of mercy. One of them shed many tears, and said it seemed to her, that the

more trouble she had, the more hardened she grew. We left a tract with her, and walked on to see the other woman, who is far advanced in years, and has almost lost her sight, and seemed rather insensible; but she shewed us her Bible and hymn book, and said her husband read to her. She seemed desirous to have some tracts; we left her a few. 'The advantages of Drunkenness' was one, hoping it may be blessed for her everlasting benefit.

"One Christian friend, on whom we called, had been in great outward trouble, and it seemed as though she had derived much spiritual benefit from her afflictions. She lamented the low state of religion around her. She said she looked forward to the Sabbath with increased satisfaction, as she could not now enjoy the privilege of meetings during the week, as they were given up in that neighborhood. Our time failed us, or we should have gone to many more places; but hope to go again before winter."

To Miss M. H. A., of Andover.

"Newburyport, Jan. 6, 1824.

"My dear Miss A.,

"I am much interested in the solemnity begun in the South Parish in A. Hope it will result in a powerful revival of religion, and extend to your

parish, and to all the towns around. We have been in a very cold state for a long time. I cannot but hope some Christians feel more engagedness in prayer, and are beginning to do something for the salvation of perishing sinners around us; but alas! alas! we are all too cold, too indifferent in a cause so glorious.

"I have been reading Henry Martyn's Life, which has excited some new desires in my cold heart, to try to be more faithful in warning sinners of their danger, and endeavoring to let my light shine more; for, if I am what I profess to be, I ought to feel that I am as 'a city set on a hill, which cannot be hid.'

"I have to mourn over my declension and deadness; but let us, my dear, arise, and plead with God, that he will revive his work everywhere.

"I hope your night of darkness is passing away, and that the Sun of righteousness will arise with healing in his wings.

"Although all our churches are in a low state, we have had one instance of hopeful conversion in our society recently. The person referred to is an aged man, who, I am told, appears well. We must not be discouraged respecting any of our aged friends, but pray for them more fervently. I see before me an aged husband, 'dead in tres-

passes and sins,' and, at times, almost despair of his salvation; but anon, I begin to hope in the mercy and grace of God for him. Will you pray for him, and for my dear son, who is now with us? He is outwardly moral, and his principles very sound; but O! his heart remains shut against the precious Saviour.

"Accept much love from your friend,

J. G."

To Mrs. M. C., of D., while on a visit to England.

"Newburyport, Feb. 26, 1826.

"My dear Mrs. C.,

"I hope and trust that, before this time, you are all safely landed in London, or near that city. As Mr. C. has so long been planning and wishing to visit his friends across the Atlantic, I have considered it a very favorable time for you to go, and I trust you will be preserved, and prospered, and returned in due season, and meet your dear children and friends in peace.

"Perhaps we never realize our dependence so much as when on a journey or voyage. We then see whose hand guides our every movement. O! what protecting power and mercy we experience in every vicissitude! And though our distrustful hearts often anticipate much distress, which never

overtakes us, yet, alas! how prone are we to 'borrow trouble!' Thus far, your dear children have been wonderfully preserved, and I hope you will have great cause for gratitude when you meet, and look over the way in which the Lord has led you all during your separation.

"Some of our dear friends have left us recently. Aunt B. was called very suddenly, without previous illness, though I think she has been failing for years. Uncle feels his loss, and says he shall soon follow her.

"In about two weeks after, Aunt C. was taken with a lung fever, and died in a few days. Her loss is great to the cause of Zion, and indeed to the world. At her decease, I had thirty dollars of hers in my hands for the Domestic Missionary Society. Let us hope and pray that her mantle may rest on my dear uncle. He is much softened, and feels this stroke sensibly. I hope you will pray much for him. He seems to be pleased with hearing of aunt's alms-deeds. The poor have lost a friend indeed. Our hands are weakened as a church. First, Lydia Titcomb was removed, who had been, of late years, very much engaged in religion. Now aunt C., who was always ready to give for every good cause. But God

can raise up others to stand in the gap, and to make up the hedge.

"Your people are sending up many prayers for you. A few weeks since, the female members of your church held a fast on your account, to pray for a blessing to attend you. What greater expression of their real friendship could you wish or desire? Mr. C. has the satisfaction of having a most affectionate people, to feel for him and you, under your burdens. O! I hope you will be permitted to meet them again in peace and health, and long enjoy their friendship.

"When we see such answers to fervent prayer, how strange it is that we are so apt to grow cold and formal in this duty! 'Prayer ardent opens Heaven.' Let us be more and more excited to this pleasant duty. I am so often prevented, by sickness, from meeting my Christian friends, that the throne of grace is more endeared to me of late years; and yet I often feel mournfully cold in this duty.

"We hear that Christians are more engaged in Boston, and that some sinners have been awakened. In Ipswich there is considerable attention to religion. Also, in Mr. Parker's society, in Derry, (N. H.)

"As life is so short and uncertain, we may not meet again here; but I hope we shall, through

boundless grace, meet in that world, where every tear shall be wiped from our eyes. All I can do for you and your dear children, is to present you daily to the God of mercy and grace, who can preserve and bless you. Do pray for us.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

CHAPTER VI.

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God, for Israel, is, that they might be saved."—Rom. x. 1.

It has already been mentioned that the subject of this memoir devoted Friday, of each week, to special supplication for particular persons, of whom she kept a list. Her interest, in their spiritual welfare, led her, also, to address many individuals, by letter, in order to press upon them the claims of personal religion. Her correspondence, of this kind, was constant and extensive. Frequently did the midnight hour find her employed in this way. That she was qualified for such a mode of usefulness, the following letters will show. That these expressions of Christian love and solicitude were, generally, acceptable and valued, is well attested.

Letter to T. C., Esq., of Newburyport.

"Presuming on your goodness to forgive this intrusion, I take my pen to address a few lines to you, sir, upon the interesting subject of real religion.

"I venerated your father; and I do not give up

the pleasing hope, which I have entertained for many years, that you, his beloved son, may become truly pious, and preach the everlasting gospel to perishing sinners.

"Your father and mine, I doubt not, are now in glory, among saints and angels, praising God and the Lamb. They were made holy in time, and prepared for that pure world, where no unholy thing can enter. Let us be excited to follow their steps, remembering that we must have a new principle implanted in our souls here, or we should be wretched in Heaven.

"What is this world, if we could possess the whole of it, but 'vanity and vexation of spirit?'

'Our very wishes give us not our wish.'

Our souls were made to live for ever; and, when a few more days, or years, are gone, we must enter on a vast Eternity. If we considered, daily, that we act for Eternity, how would it influence us to forsake every sin, and to 'strive to enter into the straight gate!'

"When I hear that Mr. C. attends this and that lecture in the week, I begin to think that your dear father's prayers will be answered, and that you are to be called into the sheepfold of Christ. What a shining Christian you may yet make! Let me entreat you to engage on the Lord's side

with all your heart; read the Bible, and pray; attend the most lively means of grace; ask for the teachings of the Holy Spirit; forsake every sin, and soon you may find 'the pearl of great price.' How honorable will it be to tread in the steps of your departed father, by devoting your talents to the glory of God! But we must forsake every sin, and every idol, if we would obtain that rest, which is prepared only for those who are 'pure in heart.' We must flee from every temptation, and set out, as Bunyan's pilgrim did, from the city of destruction, and resolve that we will not turn back. If we are ever tempted to think lightly of sin, let us look to the cross of Christ, — there we may learn its infinite evil. But, perhaps, Mr. C. thinks that to pass through this mighty change of heart, of which I have been writing, is not essential to salvation. Let us, however, look into the Word of truth, and see how it is represented there. It is called 'being born again,' — 'made a new creature,' — 'passing from death unto life,' — 'being born of the spirit.' If your father were now on earth, I believe he would explode this new divinity, which is termed liberality of sentiment. I sat under his ministry for several years, and expect to give an account hereafter of the improvement I made of his faithful preaching. He used often to close his

sermons in this way: 'I have set life and death before you; choose you this day whom you will serve.'

"For many years I have had a great desire for your real conversion, and I could not resist the impulse I have felt to take this method of addressing you on this great subject. When I think of the worth of one immortal soul, I am willing to lay aside all ceremony, and to be called a fanatic, if I may be the humble instrument of awakening any to seek for 'the pearl of great price.' Separate from our future happiness, 'virtue carries its own reward with it.' To 'fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man.' The true penitent is the only happy man.

"I know that the spirit of God only can convince us of the importance of eternal realities; but we are free agents, and are commanded to seek for wisdom 'as for silver, and search for it as for hid treasure.' Our Saviour says, 'Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and ye shall find;' but our misery is that we will not leave this vain, dying world, for joys that will last for ever.

"Your friend,

J. G."

The following letter was addressed to a young man who had contracted intemperate habits:—

"You will, I presume, excuse the liberty I am now taking of addressing you in this way, when I tell you that the purest motives of friendship lead me to undertake a duty really self-denying. Your best interest lies near my heart; and it is with reluctance that I am willing to give heed to the report in circulation, that Mr. —— is giving in to the fatal habit of intemperance. I hope you will, immediately, see your danger, and take a firm stand against this most pernicious vice. It is the more destructive, as I believe those, who are caught in the snare, are drawn on insensibly. They little think how soon this habit may be fixed, ere they are aware of their danger; and, from my observation, no vice has so direct a tendency to deaden the conscience, and shut out the soul from serious reflection. Indeed, when persons first begin to go this downward road, they have, at times, bitter remorse, and pungent distress; and, to get rid of their remorse, they often repair to the fatal expedient of drowning their sorrows by another glass. O! my friend; if you have begun to take one step in this downward road, let me urge you to stop, and consider your ways, before you are totally undone. The grand enemy of souls is, at this day, I believe, trying to ruin many of our promising youth in this way. The warnings to those, who are beginning to walk this awful road,

have been repeated and most solemn, during the past season; and, if our hearts were not adamant, we must feel them. God will come out in vengeance if we do not repent and forsake our sins. I feel for you, and for every one who has got into this fatal snare; but as I trust you have just *begun*, I do entreat you to stop before you are lost for ever. Think of your reputation, your property, but, above all, of your immortal soul, which is of more value than a thousand worlds. How dreadful the thought of meeting your Judge unprepared; and if this course is persisted in, it will, most assuredly, land you in that world of woe, where no ray of hope will ever dawn. But I hope better things of you, though I thus speak. I cannot bear the thought that any of Mrs. ——'s children should be lost. How many prayers have been offered up for you! How would your dear mother weep over you, could she return back to this world of sin and sorrow! If you perish, your doom will be dreadful, after such instruction. The blessed Redeemer stands ready to receive you, and every returning, repenting sinner; but the door of mercy will soon be shut. God's patience will not last always; the day of grace will be quickly past, and then, if you begin to seek for mercy, it will be in vain. You have now a space given you for repentance. Let me entreat you to turn from

your sins, and live for ever. I do most seriously advise you to leave all companions who are a temptation to you; dash the tempting glass from you; determine not to be enslaved by a vice so pernicious, (may I not add?) so disgraceful. Little do sensible men realize how they appear in fits of intoxication. They often then seem like the greatest fools. They are not only wretched themselves, but they make their friends miserable also. I heard a good woman say that, by taking brandy for her health, she began to love it, and she found that she and her family were in danger of being ruined. She then banished all ardent spirit from the house, took her Bible, read and prayed, until she was enabled to overcome the habit.

"A friend once sent for me, and told me she felt as if she should die, unless she drank brandy to excess, and she wanted my advice. I told her it was a good cause to die in, and advised her to die rather than taste of it. Now, my friend, I wish you may be enabled to make the resolution, and look to God for a blessing, and determine *to conquer, or die in the cause.* I am serious. It is a solemn matter. You will be ruined, if you persist a little longer. You may be cut off suddenly, as your brother was. O! I do hope and pray that you may be enabled to resist every temp-

tation, and become a new man. Take the Bible for your guide; forsake vain companions; seek, earnestly, that religion, which alone can make you happy here and hereafter.

"I trust you will receive this advice as it is intended, in love. If I know my own heart, I desire your best interest. If I have said anything to wound your feelings, I hope you will forgive me. I meant not to hurt, but to try to save you. I must now bid you, adieu. Perhaps we never shall meet, till we appear before the bar of judgment with the assembled universe. Then you will not be able to say, I did not warn you of your danger. But I hope we shall meet, and spend an eternity together in celebrating redeeming love. I think it not best to add my name, but only

YOUR WELL-WISHER."

To Mr. J. C., of Newburyport.

"——, 1818.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"As I have long wanted to converse with you alone upon the all-important subject of religion, and no opportunity has presented, I hope you will excuse the liberty I am now taking of communicating some of my thoughts in this way.

"My dear father was greatly anxious respecting

you, during the last years of his life, and wished to converse freely with you. Perhaps he did, after he expressed his feelings to me. He once told me he hoped you had experienced a real change of heart. I believe he was much engaged in prayer for you, and he seemed to give you up in faith, trusting God would answer his petitions in his own way and time. When I reflect upon the shortness of time, and the worth of the soul, and the importance of improving the day of grace while it lasts, —for God says, 'My spirit shall not always strive with man,'—I am astonished at my own stupidity, and constrained to lay aside all ceremony, and beg my friends to be up and doing, and not rest easy while uncertain about their future state. I know it is God only who can change our hearts; but he says, 'For these things I will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them.' I feel that it is a matter of great importance that you and aunt K. should know to which class you belong; for Christ says, 'He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' If you, my dear uncle, are upon the Lord's side, I wish that your evidences may be made clear, and that you may be enabled to come to the Lord's table. I have felt a great desire to have you attend the inquiry meeting. I think, if you heard others converse upon their experiences, your doubts might be cleared

up. As the weather is now growing warm, I hope you will be induced to go; for God works with means and by means, and this is a day when the Spirit of God seems to be among us. My father spent much time in retirement during the last years of his life. I believe that secret prayer has a direct tendency to draw us near to God. My grandmother used to say that we must pray for a heart to pray.

"When persons have been trained from their youth in a religious manner, as you have been, grace is oftentimes implanted in a silent manner, and we perceive the change only by its *effects*. Will you permit me to ask you a few questions by way of trial? Have you been brought to see yourself lost and undone, and that it would be just in God to cast you off for ever? Does sin appear exceeding sinful as committed against a holy God? Have you been enabled to cast your perishing soul at the feet of Jesus, resolving that if you perish you will perish there? Is it your greatest desire to live to the glory of God? Do you love the house of God, and the people of God? Are not some passages of Scripture sometimes opened up to you in a clear manner? I hope you can appeal to the Searcher of hearts and say, if your heart does not deceive you, you can answer these questions in the affirmative. If you

cannot, my dear uncle, I sincerely hope you will never rest easy till you do find that your peace is made with God by faith in Jesus Christ. We all have our various cares and trials; but 'one thing is needful.' It is our duty to take a prudent care of the things of this world; but our supreme concern ought to be to live to the glory of God.

"When your beloved son and daughter were taken away, you manifested such quietness that I hoped it was real submission to God's will. I am not willing you should go without assurance in your declining years. I feel unworthy to speak to you upon these great and important matters; but my desires are very earnest that you may enjoy the real comforts of religion. As you see my motive, I hope you will excuse the freedom I have taken.

"I wish you would be willing to write me a few lines, and let me know the state of your mind. It would be a great relief to me to know that you entertain a well grounded hope that you have passed from death unto life. It seems to me that you and others are losing much comfort by keeping your thoughts to yourselves. That is one reason that I want you to attend the inquiry meeting. It has been blessed to others; it may be blessed to you. These precious opportunities will

soon be over with us all. O! how important is it that we should improve every means of grace, as death may be near.

"Will you accept my best wishes for your everlasting welfare?

"Your friend and niece,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To Mrs. B., of Newburyport.

"July 12, 1838.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have intended for a long time to call and see you; but want of health and a variety of other things, have prevented me. Now, lest I should not be able to call, I take the liberty to send you a little tract, which, if you do not already own it, you will accept and read often. I consider young mothers as having a very weighty charge to bring up their dear little children in the right way; for it is a true saying, 'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

"I never thought I had any skill in training my children; but what was wanting in *skill* I determined to make up, as far as possible, in *strictness*. I used to be very strict with them on the Sabbath. I knew if I neglected to instruct them respecting keeping holy this sacred day, that as

they grew up they would be likely to plunge into every sin. I hope you and Mr. B. will be enabled to train up your dear children in the fear of the Lord. Children need 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' for we are all inclined to backslide from God. I hope you will be enabled to pray with and for them. Dr. Buckminster used to remark that 'a family could not be governed without family prayer.' The souls of children seem to be committed to the care of mothers.

"I have dwelt, my dear Mrs. B., upon your responsibility *as a parent*, but my ardent desire is to urge you and Mr. B. to give up *yourselves* unreservedly to the service of God. Let me persuade you without any delay to resolve that, 'as for you and your house, you will serve the Lord.' 'Here,' as Dr. Young says, 'is solid rock; all is sea beside.' Everything is ready on God's part; but we must come as beggars, and be in earnest. 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' 'The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence; and the violent take it by force.'

"I have always greatly desired the salvation of all your family. I hope the time draws nigh when you will all become the disciples of the meek and lowly Saviour.

"When you can get a little leisure, do come up and see us. I hope you will receive this imperfect letter as a token of sincere regard from

"Your real friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

Note to a Sick Neighbor.

"DEAR SIR,

"I sympathize with you in all your afflictions; and as I cannot see and converse with you, I take the liberty to write a few lines, which I hope will be kindly received.

"We are all sinners, and can have no hope of being saved, except through Christ. I hope you will be enabled to apply to him, and exercise true repentance for all your sins. Let me urge you to offer the prayer of the publican, 'God, be merciful to me, a sinner;' and, *without delay*, seek with all your heart an interest in the Saviour's love. He waits to be gracious to the returning, repenting sinner. Life is very uncertain with all of us; but in this life only can we prepare for that eternity, to which we are all rapidly hastening.

"All I can do is to commend you to God, beseeching him to have mercy on you. I have a sincere regard for you and your family, and hope

you will all be prepared for that blessed world, where sin can never enter, and where, of course, there will be no sickness or sorrow.

"Your friend,

J. G."

To Mrs. G., of Cambridgeport.

"Newburyport, June 23, 1835.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I have long intended writing a few lines to you, and now I will delay no longer. I do not forget my old acquaintance, if they forget me.

"Your cares must be many, and very pressing; but I most earnestly desire to hear that you have become a real friend and follower of the meek and lowly Saviour. I used to consider you as *almost* a Christian, many years ago. You need help from above to guide you in training up your dear children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I rejoice to find that you have a pious companion to help you along under your burdens.

"If you have not good evidence that your heart has been renewed and sanctified, let me entreat you to begin in earnest to seek the salvation of your soul. Everything is ready on God's part; but we must come as beggars, and take the offered mercy. Christ says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' &c. And again, 'The kingdom of

Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' This world is only a state of trial, not of rest. Christians have peculiar trials; but they have at times a peace that the world cannot give or take away.

"I want you, dear friend, to become decided. It is a matter of the greatest importance. The most of your family are now, we believe, real Christians; and why are you willing to stay behind? Come, cast in your lot with them, and devote your all to the glory of God. Pious mothers can do great things for their dear children. I think you would be a shining Christian, if you had a good hope, through grace, that your peace was made with God.

"You must excuse my freedom in writing to you so freely. In years past, I used to talk with you, and you always seemed to be willing to hear what I had to say. You have passed through many different scenes since, and so have I; but as we may never meet in this world, I feel constrained to address you in this way, as I consider myself far on my journey to the world of spirits.

"Accept the best wishes of

"Your sincere friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

In about four years after this letter was written, the friend to whom it was addressed was made a hopeful subject of renewing grace.

The letter which follows was written in answer to one from the lady's sister, communicating the pleasing intelligence.

"Newburyport, June 5, 1839.

"My dear Young Friend,

"Your welcome and interesting letter reached me safely last week; I thank you for it. It rejoiced my heart to hear that your dear sister, Mrs. G., had been enabled to accept of offered mercy, after refusing the blessings of the gospel so long. We see in her case the faithfulness of God to his promise, "I will be a God to thee, and thy seed after thee." Your dear departed mother, no doubt, prayed in faith for the salvation of her children, and her husband, and many others. Her prayers have been answered in the conversion of most of her family; and I do hope that her remaining children and grandchildren will soon be numbered among the ransomed flock of Jesus. I want you to give my love to your sister, and tell her I hope she will be an active Christian, and 'let her light shine before others, that they, seeing her good works, may glorify her Father who is in Heaven.' We have no strength of our

own; but we must look to Christ continually for new strength to perform new duties.

"While she enjoys the comforts of religion, I hope she will write to her brothers upon this important subject; she may be the instrument of enlightening their minds. We must try to do our duty, and then leave all events with God. We all find that the Christian life is a warfare, but there is a glorious prize in view.

"I hope the revival will continue to progress in Brewer. I believe if Christians were more faithful in urging sinners to repentance, we should see greater things around us. A work of grace has been going on here for many months. Many have been wonderfully changed. Aged, hardened sinners have been called out of darkness into marvellous light. Of late, we find that only now and then one is awakened and hopefully converted. We ought to be very thankful for these displays of God's grace, and that there seems to be a still small voice amongst us.

"Accept the well wishes of

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

CHAPTER VII.

"I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplication. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live."

Ps. cxvi. 1, 2.

In the spring of 1826, this prayerful mother had the unspeakable joy of receiving an answer to the petitions which, for more than *twenty-eight* years, she had presented to the "hearer of prayer" in behalf of her only son. Her faith had been *tried*, but it had not *failed*. Though the blessing had tarried, she waited for it, not *slothfully*, but with *patience* and *perseverance*.

He had been from home most of the time for eight years previous to this event. During his absence, his mother wrote to him frequently, and in all her letters she urged him to attend to the concerns of his soul. Late in the winter of 1826, in writing to him, she quoted Prov. xxix. 1; "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." The Holy Spirit accompanied the Word; and he immediatly began to seek the Lord earnestly, attending the meetings for re-

ligious inquiry, and all the other means of grace within his reach. He did not, however, communicate his state of mind to his mother, until several weeks after, when he hoped he had been brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

Never can the writer forget the evening when his letter, announcing his hope that he had been "born again," was received, with one from his uncle expressing the same opinion. His mother had been suffering through the day from severe symptoms of fever, and hoped for an undisturbed evening. But the joyful intelligence was soon communicated to her, though preceded by an intimation of the tenor of it, lest a sudden announcement might be too much for her weak state. As she listened to all that God in his mercy had done for her son, her emotions of gratitude exceeded her powers of utterance, and as she afterwards said, "she felt as if she should die *of joy*." It was the joy of a Christian parent, who realized our lost condition by nature, and was thoroughly persuaded of the great truth, that "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" and who could now say, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

The next day was the Sabbath. Being some-

what better, though still unable to sit up, she spent it in pleading for the salvation of others; and in the evening mentioned so many for whom she had offered supplication, that even to have remembered their names might have been difficult, had she not been so solicitous for their spiritual welfare. This was her way of acknowledging Jehovah's faithfulness and love *by testing it anew;* like an old divine who said, "If the Lord will grant me this favor I will not say, as beggars do, I will never come again, but I will come the more."

In the next letter from her son, he stated that he had given up his hope, thinking he had been deceived. This only renewed the earnestness of her prayers, and led her to inquire if there had not been something wrong in herself, in the manner of her receiving the first intelligence. After a few weeks of most distressing anxiety, the clouds dispersed, and he rejoiced in God "with exceeding joy."

In a few months, after much consideration and prayer, he gave up business, and commenced studying for the ministry. His advanced age rendered a collegiate course inexpedient; but after spending two years in the classical school, and three in the Theological Seminary in Bangor,

(Me.,) he entered upon the duties of the gospel ministry.

In reviewing the dealings of God with regard to her son, she often spoke of his faithfulness, and encouraged other parents to continue "instant in prayer" for their children, reminding them that "*delays* were not *denials*." It is worthy of notice that the day on which he hoped he was "born of the Spirit" was that which, in union with another, she had devoted to special prayer for him and another near relative, in which she felt encouraged by the promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." "While they are yet speaking I will hear."

Her maternal solicitude has been referred to before. She taught her children *obedience* before their recollection; and while she was always mild and affectionate in her government, she was at the same time perfectly inflexible where duty to God and fidelity to the souls of her children were concerned.

On the Sabbath besides requiring them to attend public worship constantly, she spent the greater part of the day in reading to them from the sacred Scriptures and decidedly evangelical

works, always closing with their repeating the Assembly's Catechism.

Regarding the law of the Sabbath to be as binding as any other precept of the Decalogue, she required of all under her control a strict outward observance of it. It was in vain to entreat for greater liberty, and to plead the example of those professed Christians, who allowed their children to walk the streets on the Lord's day, or to attend at places of worship where dangerous error was taught; or to frequent, at other times, places of fashionable amusement. In no instance would she yield, because she viewed the word of God as furnishing her with an *invariable* rule in these cases, and, therefore, as leaving her no discretionary power in relation to them.

Believing that the Sabbath commenced at sunset, and continued till sunset, she required it to be thus observed. But she deemed it improper to rush into worldly business and pleasure as soon as the sun of the Sabbath had gone down; and consequently she did not allow of visiting or labor on the succeeding evening. She often quoted the remark of her grandmother, that "Saturday evening was necessary for *preparation*, and Sabbath evening for *meditation*."

The nature of those meditations in her case will be seen from the following: —

FROM HER JOURNAL.

"*Sabbath Evening, Dec. 13th,* 1829. — Communion. Though I have not wholly recovered from a sprained limb, I went out. Mr. Proudfit seemed to be much enlarged in the communion service. I was delivered from anxious cares which I feared would distress me. O! for stronger faith that I may surmount every obstacle, which hinders my advancement in the divine life!"

At another time, after some temporal deliverance, she writes: —

"If I did not see remarkable mercy in these things, I should be blind indeed. I hope I feel some gratitude. How good is God to unworthy me! I lament my poor returns for such undeserved favors. Lord, enable me to press forward with new zeal this week. O! for grace to bear up under trials so as to *honor God!*"

"*Sabbath Evening.* — I hope I shall not be left to live upon *frames;* but of late I think I have felt a little more quickening; yet my bodily complaints keep me low in spirits. I do hope I desire that the rod may be *sanctified* rather than *removed.* Lord, if thou hast any more work for me to do, thou canst raise me up, and give me

strength to perform every duty cheerfully; but I ask for entire submission to thy blessed will in all things."

Letter to Mrs. M. C., of D.

"Newburyport, March 24, 1829.

"My dear Mrs. C.,

"I bear you and your dear family much on my mind every day. I have learned by experience to feel for those who are laboring under bodily weakness and distresses. I believe you will regain your health when the warm weather approaches.

"I hope and trust this season of confinement will be sanctified for your best good. This precious promise is often a source of comfort to me, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' It is said, 'Affliction is the good man's shining scene.'

"I don't know how it is with you; but I see so much sin and vanity mixed with everything I do, that I have reason to expect many trials to purify me and prepare me for that pure state where nothing unholy can ever enter. I am often sick of myself, and want to fly away from sin.

"I have heard of the great affliction Mr. and Mrs. —— have sustained in the death of their beloved children. If you recollect, a year or two

since, you asked me to remember them, and from that time to this, I have often endeavored to intercede for them and their children. When I heard of their sorrows, I began to think that the cross came first, and that the blessing would follow in their salvation. Certainly, they have been called to drink a bitter cup, and it does seem to me that Heaven has some wise designs in withering those fair flowers. May we not hope that they are transplanted to a fairer soil? Surely the parents have a new motive to seek preparation for Heaven. The little tract in poetry, called 'The Hermit,' might afford them consolation if put into their hands. Do get it for them. I hope you and Mr. C. will be made instruments of their salvation. No doubt they look up to you for counsel in this time of trial. If you see any thing favorable do let me know, for I shall, as the Lord enables me, commend them to the mercy of God.

"I have been greatly interested respecting the new church in D. ever since I heard of it. I hope a great blessing will follow. I believe Mr. C. is raised up to do much for the up-building of Christ's kingdom. 'He who sows bountifully, shall reap also bountifully.' I hope many will be added to both churches who will finally be saved.

"The most I can do is to pray for the pros-

perity of Zion, and for those who are active in the Lord's cause. We all have a work assigned us; let us not be slothful, but 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

"I trust, my dear niece, you will soon be raised up with new zeal for God. Your dear children will, I hope, all be gathered early into the fold of Christ.

"We have had a few instances of conviction and conversion here of late. Mr. Proudfit's preaching has been blessed for the hopeful conversion of several. The Bible class is large and interesting. We hope our old church will soon be repaired. Pray for us, that it may be filled with spiritual worshippers.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." — Eph. vi. 24.

In the summer of 1830, Mrs. G. had a short interview in Newburyport with the late Robert Ralston, Esq., of Philadelphia, that distinguished Christian philanthropist; and soon after his return home she addressed a letter to him. The following is his reply: —

"Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1830.

"My dear Madam,

"The precious spirit manifested in the grateful emotions of your heart, to the God of all our mercies, as contained in yours of the 29th ult., was refreshing, I trust, to our spirits. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of one friend another.' A precious spirit it may well be called, and I would indulge the hope, partakes of that love, which caused the disciples' hearts to burn within them, on their way to Emmaus. To see the out-stretched hand of your Heavenly Father, interposing in the time of the creature's

extremity, will enable you, in unison with the poet, to say,

> 'In each event of life, how clear
> Thy ruling hand I see;
> Each blessing to my soul most dear,
> Because conferred by Thee.'

What nearness to the Lord does it discover! What condescension in the Great Supreme, to give the impression, on that very morning, 'that some relief was at hand!' How can there be a want of trusting in the Lord?

"To have praying breath for me and mine, I hope I do not esteem a small favor of the Lord; and, therefore, to have the assurance that this has been your exercise of soul, and, as God shall enable you, will be in time to come, is very grateful to me. I desire to give him the praise. It is all of Him, and all through Him, to whom be glory for ever and ever.

"O! my friend, how can we love Him and serve Him as we ought, whilst we are on the earth? Let us take the cup of salvation, and call upon His holy name. This is all He requires of us to receive still greater benefits.

"To observe the Friday morning exercise shall be my endeavor; but permit me to solicit your prayers for me, that the Lord will afford me the *spirit* of prayer. O! my friend, you know

something of the weakness of the creature, and, therefore, you will not be surprised that I need more grace, more strength, more faith, that I may pray the in-wrought prayer of the heart.

"That your son may be kept humble, as you are so anxious he should be; that he may be eminently useful in the gospel ministry, and a burning and shining light in the church of Christ, will be my earnest desire for him. And that the Lord will bless you, my dear friend, and all who are dear to you, will be the earnest and affectionate desire of

"Your very sincere friend,

ROBERT RALSTON."

She loved Christians of all denominations. While she firmly believed the doctrines, and had a decided preference for the form of government of the Presbyterian Church, she did not exclude from her charity those who, while they seemed to love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, did not coincide with her *in every particular*. By some her charity was thought to be excessive; but if at times she judged too favorably of the undeserving, there was ample compensation for all such mistakes in that increased readiness thus produced to believe and honor God, who is ever better than our thoughts.

"To decide infallibly upon character," says Rev. J. A. James, "is not only the *prerogative* of the Deity, but requires his *attributes*. There may be some grains of wheat hid among the chaff which we may be at a loss to discover. We must be careful how we set up our views, or our experience, as the test of character, so as to condemn all who do not come up to our standard."

"Charity hopeth all things. Charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up." "This divine virtue delights to speak well, and think well of others; she talks of their good actions, and says little or nothing, except when necessity compels her, of their bad ones. She holds her judgment in abeyance as to motives, till they are perfectly apparent. She does not look round for evidence to prove an evil design, but hopes that what is doubtful will by farther light appear to be correct; she imputes not evil so long as good is probable; she leans to the side of candor, rather than to that of severity; she makes every allowance that truth will permit; looks at all the circumstances which can be pleaded in mitigation; suffers not her opinions to be formed, till she has had opportunity to escape from the mists of passion, and to cool from the wrath of contention. Love desires the happiness of others; and how can she be in haste to think evil of them?"

Under the influence of this charity, the subject of this memoir seemed always to act. While she thought humbly of herself, she always hoped the best of others; and earnestly endeavored not to indulge in prejudice against any. She was much pleased with the direction of Cecil, "If there is any person you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak."

She had many dear friends who had embraced Unitarian sentiments. In conversing with them, she never countenanced their errors, nor yielded her own opinions. Such a course would have been weakness; not charity, but a perversion of it. In the history of Christ and his apostles we find nothing to sanction such liberality, on points vital to the soul, and fundamental to the gospel. She would tell these friends that "she believed in a religion which extended to every act of life; but she came so infinitely short in all things, that, if it were not for the *atoning blood of Christ*, and her belief in Him as 'the *Mighty God*,' her hopes of salvation would be at an end;" and as expressive of her trust, she would quote those lines of Dr. Watts,

> "But when I stand before thy bar,
> *The blood of Christ* is my defence."

When any objected to the doctrine of the

Trinity on account of its *mystery*, she would reply, "Yes, it is a *glorious mystery;* and it becomes us to *wonder* and *adore* where we cannot *comprehend*."

As descriptive of the kind manner in which she addressed those who were Unitarians, the following letter to Mrs. P., of Portland, (Maine,) will be introduced; although it was one of the last which she ever dictated, and after the failure of her sight, prevented her writing with her own hand. She had not seen this friend for forty years, but hearing that she had become blind, her sympathies were strongly enlisted in her behalf.

"Newburyport, Jan. 18, 1850.

"Dear Mrs. P.,

"I trust you will excuse the liberty I now take in addressing you in this way. Since I heard particularly from you last summer, by Mrs. M., I have sympathized with you under your afflictions; and I know, by sad experience, how to feel for you under loss of sight, as my own is very much impaired.

"In our younger years, we have met in this very house where I now reside. You, as well as myself, have been called to suffer many bereavements, having lost your husband and an only son;

but now we are both far on our journey to the eternal world. And O! I hope we have both fled for refuge to the only hope set before us in the gospel, and have tasted the blessedness of those whose sins are covered by the *atoning blood of Christ*, and have found him exceedingly precious. Our lot in life has been very different. You have lived in affluence; and I have passed through many outward straits and embarrassments; but I have always been provided for by Him who has promised his people, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee.'

"I trust you have kind children and grandchildren with you, whose pleasure it is to mitigate your afflictions, as far as it is in their power. These are mercies that ought to call forth our warmest gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

"I have been in Portland twice during the last fifteen years, and now deeply regret that I did not call upon you. My object was to visit my son, who then resided in Andover, seventy-five miles north of Portland. I admired your city, and the friends I met.

"My particular design in writing is to tell you that I often remember you and your family in my prayers, beseeching God to grant you all a well-grounded hope of pardon and eternal life, through

the merit and mediation of our Almighty Redeemer.

"If we are ever permitted to meet in a better world, it must be, not for any righteousness of our own, but only on account of the righteousness and atonement of Him who died that we might live.

"I ask an interest in your prayers, that I may be entirely resigned under my afflictions.

"I expect no reply to this imperfect letter. Accept it only as a proof of kind remembrance; and rest assured I shall contine to pray that God will grant you those divine consolations, which the world can neither give nor take away. It is a great mercy that your hearing is continued, so that you can listen to the reading of the Word of God and good books.

"That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest on you and yours, is the ardent desire and prayer of

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

This letter was most kindly received, and at the request of Mrs. P. often read to her. In about two weeks after the death of Mrs. G., she followed her to the world of spirits. During her illness, the

prayer of the publican was often offered by her, to the prayer-hearing God.

Some letters of a miscellaneous character will now be inserted.

To Mrs. M. C., of D.

"Newburyport, Feb. 19, 1831.

"My dear Niece,

"I wish to express my gratitude for the noble present I have received from you and Dr. C. I am, sometimes, unwilling to be so burdensome to my friends. At others I am sweetly submissive, so that I prefer my situation to a prosperous one. I need humbling, and Infinite Wisdom sees it needful to keep me low, as to temporal things, in order, I trust, to purify me, and prepare me for a better world.

"I cannot tell you my feelings, when I received your letter. This favor, and others from you and other kind benefactors, often excite lively gratitude to the great Giver of every good and perfect gift; and then, I am drawn out in love to those, who are made such instruments of good to me. I ought to love to be in straits, that I may see, more fully, the goodness of God. Help me, my dear niece, to bless and adore the hand, which is continually stretched out, in a marvellous manner, for

my relief. I keep a little record of mercies, and I should like to read a part of it to you, when we meet, for you would be struck with the faithfulness of my covenant God and Father to me. I feel entirely unworthy of the least mercy; and yet how full of blessings is my cup! But I forbear, after desiring my best love to Dr. C. God will reward you both, if I cannot.

"I wish to express my approbation of Dr. C.'s speech with respect to Harvard University. I have recently heard that the matter is decided in behalf of the liberal party. Well, in due time, there will be a change there. We must not be discouraged; for, if we cannot overrule these things, God can and will do it in his own time. Those, who have stood forth on the side of truth, will have a rich reward; but we are all called now to 'watch unto prayer.'

"I have had a very interesting letter from Mr. Woodbridge. He now resides in Utica, N. Y., where there is great revival of religion. He says, hundreds are converted there, and that prayer meetings are attended almost every hour in the day and evening. He thinks there is a great conflict before Christians, and that it becomes them to be more decided.

"I hope we shall be more stirred up here, and that the friends of Christ, in your region, will take

courage, and pray more fervently for the dews of Divine grace to descend among you.

"We have commenced the monthly distribution of tracts to every family in town. Most received them the first time — the second month more were refused, but I hope good will be done by them. O! that we might have a spring time as to religion!

"Mrs. P. has died lately, after a long sickness. I shall miss her, but I cannot be so selfish as to wish any of my pious friends back to this state of sin and sorrow.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

The following letter was addressed to a friend in Newburyport, whose daughter was sinking in consumption: —

"August, 1831.

"My Dear Friend,

"I have wanted to call in since your return from Andover, but thought it would be greater kindness to stay away. I hope your beloved daughter will be spared, and made a great blessing to her parents and friends, if consistent with the Divine will; but my earnest prayer is that she and all her friends may be prepared for any event. She has always been a very pleasant child; and,

sometimes, such fair plants are removed early to a better world. Infinite Wisdom cannot err. Our duty is to aim at entire submission under every allotment of Divine Providence, however adverse it may seem to us. I often think of these lines,

> 'Behind a frowning Providence,
> He hides a smiling face.'

"I hope M. A. will open her mind to some pious female friend upon religious subjects, and obtain great comfort, for if she lives many years, she will need the consolations of religion. We all need these consolations, and we ought to be much engaged in prayer for them. As she cannot read now, or hear reading, she is deprived of some privileges which she used to enjoy. But what a mercy it is that we can send up our desires to God, when we are laid aside by sickness! He can hear and answer the softest call.

"However amiable and lovely your dear daughter is, she needs, as we all do, a better righteousness than her own, to prepare her for that blessed world, where no sin or sorrow can ever enter. I hope she will be enabled to look, by faith, to that Almighty Saviour, who is able and willing to save all, who apply to Him, for the remission of their sins. How precious, and how free are his invita-

tions, 'Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"I have written a few lines to M. A. for you to look over, and give to her, if you think best. Sometimes, a few lines written are more blessed than conversation. I trust you will be sustained under every trial.

"Yours, in haste,

J. G."

The two following letters were addressed to a kind friend and neighbor, for whose spiritual interests she felt much solicitude, and over whom she soon rejoiced, as a member of Christ's "little flock."

"September 6, 1831.

"DEAR SIR,

"As I do not see you, when I call at your house, I take the liberty of expressing a few thoughts in writing, presuming on your candor to excuse my freedom. I do sincerely sympathize with you and Mrs. C. under the recent affliction, in the death of your beloved daughter. She has been a most desirable child from her earliest years. No wonder your hearts are depressed under such a loss; but I hope you will be enabled to say, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done.' Think of the great mercies mixed with this bitter cup.

Your beloved M. A. was, I believe, well prepared for a state of complete rest in Heaven. She has, I trust, through boundless grace, been admitted into that pure region, 'where all the air is love.' She was a lovely flower, early cut down, and transplanted into a region of perfect peace and joy. However dark and mysterious this dispensation of Providence may appear to us imperfect creatures, yet, hereafter, I hope and believe, you will see that it was designed for your best good. God is too wise to err; too good to lay any unnecessary affliction on any of his creatures. This heavy bereavement may be the means of drawing your heart to Christ, and thus preparing you to meet your beloved daughter in the realms of glory. Let us all consider that we are but a few steps behind our departed friends. Preparation for death is the 'one thing needful.'

"I have long wanted to express my gratitude to you, sir, for your repeated acts of kindness towards me. If I cannot make any return to you, God can, and will reward all my kind benefactors.

"That the best of Heaven's blessings may rest on you and your family is the desire and prayer of

"Your sympathizing friend,

J GREENLEAF."

To the same.

"August 10, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,

"You must allow me the privilege of thanking you for your repeated acts of benevolence towards us. I cannot well express my feelings, when your last valuable present was received. I was alone in the house, and was so affected with a sense of my ingratitude to the God of all mercy, that, for a time, I sat in silent astonishment. This new token of kindness has called forth earnest desires for your best welfare. I cherish the pleasing hope, that you and your beloved family will all soon become decidedly pious. I have felt the fullest confidence that the early removal of your beloved M. A. was to be the means of the salvation of your whole family. We cannot mourn for her; let us, rather, rejoice that she left such bright evidence that she was prepared for a state of complete felicity. May we seek, diligently, that vital union to Christ, by a true and living faith, which will entitle us to that 'rest, which remaineth for the people of God,' beyond the grave!

"I have long considered you as 'almost persuaded' to come out boldly on the Lord's side. Your acts of benevolence to the poor and afflicted, ought to humble many professed Christians, who 'withhold more than is meet, and it tends to pov-

erty.' I wish you could attend the meeting on Thursday evenings; you might get your good resolutions very much strengthened by so doing. My idea is, that the diligent seeker will find. If we ask, *perseveringly*, we shall receive; but we must be *in earnest*, if we want spiritual blessings, as time, with us, may be very short.

"I often think of my father, when I see you so active about worldly things. He did much good, by employing many, and so do you; but he spent much time alone, every day, in prayer and reading the Bible, especially during the last years of his life, when he had more leisure.

"We are all forming characters for a vast Eternity, and we cannot be too much engaged in securing an interest in the Saviour's love. With your active disposition, how much may you do in the cause of Christ, if you should now be decided in religion! Excuse the freedom I have taken in expressing my feelings in this way. Accept the best wishes of

Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

In the revival of religion in Newburyport in 1831, she was much interested, as well as that in the winter of 1833 and 1834. Her house was the resort of numerous inquirers and young converts,

whom she instructed in the way of salvation. And as, every day, tidings of new subjects of the work reached her ears, her heart was filled with gratitude, and she earnestly desired that large accessions might be made to the churches, "of such as should be saved."

In June, 1834, her husband died, at the age of seventy years. Being herself in feeble health, she was much affected by this bereavement. But that Almighty arm, on which she had long leaned, sustained her, and she came forth from the trial, to be "a widow indeed, trusting in God, and continuing in supplications and prayers night and day."

After this time, she would often repeat, in an under tone, apparently unconscious that she was overheard, the following lines, which she had, probably, learned in childhood from the New England Primer: —

"Lord, if Thou lengthen out my days,
Then let my heart so fixed be,
That I may lengthen out Thy praise,
And never turn aside from Thee."

The following letter, to a friend in D., will show her feelings at the time of her husband's decease: —

"Newburyport, July 28, 1834.

"Your very kind letter, my dear niece, written soon after your uncle's death, was read with much pleasure. I now thank you for it, and for your kind sympathy for us under our affliction.

"I had such a shock in your uncle's sudden removal, that, for a week, I felt as though I should soon be numbered with the silent dead. My nerves were greatly affected. But God, who is rich in mercy, has appeared for me, and now I am comfortable, though weak, and liable to ill turns.

"Mr. G. was so softened for the last nine months that we cannot but hope he obtained mercy at the eleventh hour. He was brought to beg for mercy, and had been studying the Bible for several years. There was strong faith respecting him among my Christian friends. He has gone to a righteous Judge, and there I leave him. Continue to pray for us, that this solemn call may be sanctified for our best good.

"The shower of Divine influence, which we have enjoyed here, has passed by; but the effects are abiding. We hope for another shower. There seems to be a spirit of prayer in our praying circles.

"We hope the Lord will appear for us, as a church and society, and, in due time, send us a pastor, after his own heart. 'The darkest hour is

just before day.' We must try to commit all our cares to the Lord, respecting temporal as well as spiritual blessings.

"I hope the Lord will revive his work with you. Don't you begin to hope a revolution is to take place in Harvard University? I trust the funds will yet be brought back to the original designs of the founder.

"Your affectionate aunt,

J. G."

The following extracts are from letters written the next year: —

To Miss M. H. A. of A., while visiting in N. Y.

"Newburyport, March 9, 1835.

"My dear Friend,

"I hope and trust you are made very useful in N. Y. No Friday passes without my thinking of you and yours. I often desire that the church in North Andover may be built up, and spread, far and wide, and that a gospel minister may soon take charge of the flock. When I have read, recently, the accounts of the free churches in N. Y., I have felt that we all ought to be more active and engaged, and more encouraged.

"We have no minister as yet; but when we

are suitably humbled and prepared, I trust a faithful one will be placed over us.

"My health has been quite feeble all winter. I take cold easily, and then have distressing attacks of asthma, so that I have been out but very little, and often feel that I am very useless. Dr. Scott's remarks comfort me, sometimes. He says, 'the prayers of one solitary Christian may be felt all over the world.' When pressed down by bodily infirmities and worldly cares, I often derive rich consolation from the Bible and the throne of grace."

"Sept. 25, 1835.

"Religion is low with us, though we hope some Christians are more aroused, and a few have been hopefully converted. A revival of religion generally begins at the house of God. We hear of many revivals in other places, and ought to rejoice and take courage. The day calls for fervent prayer, for it is a time of open rebuke. We hope the Lord will appear for us. I think Christians ought to be *wide awake*, and use their influence that God's holy day should be more hallowed, and try to stop the progress of vice."

CHAPTER IX.

"Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." — PHIL. iv. 8.

"THE best form of Christianity is that, which presents the loveliest *combination* of its graces. Few possess a *completeness* of Christian character." Few, indeed, are the instances we find of Christian perfectness; that perfectness which consists in having all the attributes of the child of God in visible and lively exercise. By many this seems to be considered as an attainment quite beyond their reach. Hence, they are content to be entirely wanting in *some* Christian graces, as if it were not necessary to cultivate all of them. But to regard the supposed possession of one or two of the Christian characteristics, as a safe criterion of character, is, certainly, a mistake. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." He will not lack *wholly* any one of the Christian graces, though one grace may outgrow another. "Charity is the bond of perfectness."

"Like the band round the sheaf, it holds all the separate ears together."

In the religious character of the "Mother in Israel," whose history is sketched in this volume, there was this combination of graces. There was a marked consistency. A gentleman, who had known her for more than fifty years, has said, that her consistent exemplification of the Christian character, under a great variety of circumstances, was the most convincing proof of the reality of religion, with which he had ever met.

After her decease, another friend thus wrote: "Her example has done more, than all the books I ever read, to dispel sceptical doubts on religious subjects, to which I have always been exposed."

The most prominent feature in her piety was undoubtedly faith; a faith, working by love, purifying the heart, and, to a remarkable degree, overcoming the world. In the truth and promises of God, and in the atoning merits of Christ, she had unwavering confidence; whilst invisible things seemed to have a vividness, to her mind, which made them almost like present realities. Faith was, to her, the very "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The future, with its awful sanctions and glorious hopes, influenced her thoughts and actions, at all times, and under all circumstances. And this animated faith

was the parent, the handmaid, and the strength of other graces.

The *cheerfulness* of her piety is worthy of notice. She maintained the happy medium between gloom and austerity on the one hand, and levity on the other. "The peace of God" reigned in her heart, and diffused its influence through her life. Her temper was unruffled, even under great provocations. A benevolent smile enlivened her countenance; and instead of repelling the young from her society, they were attracted and awed by the loveliness and gentleness, which, even to extreme age, characterized her, and which increased as she approached the termination of her earthly pilgrimage. Possessing good sense and a discriminating judgment, she could engage the attention of children by an anecdote, while she also combined with it some profitable counsel.

Since her decease, a Christian friend has referred to a little incident, which occurred in her youth, and made an indelible impression on her memory. She and another young lady were indulging in much frivolity in Mrs. G.'s presence, when, placing her hand affectionately on them, she said, "O! girls, remember what Dr. Young says,

"Retire, and read thy Bible to be gay."

"A word, fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

She noticed the hand of God in all his works, and traced all the comforts of this life to their true source, the mediation of Christ. Often when riding in the country and admiring its diversified scenery, would she exclaim with great emphasis,

"The skies he formed, and *yet he bled for me.*"

She had learned of her Divine Master to forgive injuries. She often said she was naturally unforgiving; but so completely had grace triumphed over this natural propensity, that to "love her enemies" was habitual with her. She always treated them kindly, gladly relieved their temporal wants, and prayed for them daily. Whenever an occasion offered, she pressed the duty of forgiveness on others, as an *indispensable* evidence of Christian character. She indeed possessed that charity which "suffers long, and is kind;" which "thinketh no evil;" which "beareth, believeth, hopeth, and endureth all things."

In the summer of 1839 she was obliged to dispose of her house on High street, where she had lived for forty years, and occupy a part of the mansion house of her deceased father on Water street. Though somewhat reluctant to meet so great a change at the age of seventy-five, yet, when she was convinced that in no other way could she obey the precept, "Provide things honest in the sight

of all men," she consented to it, and for nearly twelve years she found that house a pleasant and comfortable place of abode.

She loved to think of the friends who once had occupied it with her, who now had joined "the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven;" and instead of any gloomy associations, all were pleasant.

Here she found a field of usefulness, which she faithfully improved by dispersing books and tracts, and as far as she was able, by visiting and religious conversation, always remembering the neighborhood in her prayers.

For sometime her health was improved by her change of residence. She suffered less from asthma, to which she had been subject for many years; and although her deafness was extreme, she enjoyed much in social intercourse with her numerous friends.

Her sight, however, was much impaired by cataracts on both eyes, which, while they never entirely covered them, deprived her in great measure of the privilege of reading, from which she had always derived much pleasure and profit. The Commentaries of Henry and Scott, and the the works of Flavel, Newton, Hervey, Edwards, Davies, and many others, had been repeatedly

perused by her; and with thoughts and select passages from these her favorite authors, her mind and memory were well stored.

The house of God was dear to her heart, and she was a constant attendant on its ordinances when her health allowed, although she heard not a word of the services.

When friends inquired "why she attended so constantly when her health was feeble, and the weather unpleasant?" she would reply, "It is the place where God has appointed to meet and bless his people, and I enjoy being there on this account. Besides, I go for the sake of example, as too many absent themselves from public worship. When my sight allows, I can read the text and hymns, which are often very precious to me." On one Communion Sabbath the hymn beginning, "Dearest of all the names above," was sung; she frequently after spoke of the rich enjoyment it had afforded her. She would also remark, "If I can only get into a *praying frame*, I enjoy much in asking for a blessing on the Word." It was her uniform habit to select individuals in the assembly, and pray for a blessing on them, besides her general supplication.

The succeeding extracts from her journal will farther illustrate her love for God's house: —

"*August* 11*th*, 1839, *Sabbath Evening.* — I have been out all day. It was our communion. I felt very calm. Read some truths in the morning that were very comforting. Text, 'Unto you that believe, he is precious.' Afternoon, 'Choose you this day whom ye will serve.' It is just forty years since I joined the church. Solemn thought! I have reason to be deeply humbled for my short comings in all things.

"*April* 16*th*, 1842, *Saturday Evening.* — I have been very sick for three weeks. Yesterday I came below, though very feeble. The Lord has appeared for me in this time of trouble. O! that the affliction and the mercy may be sanctified for my best good! I could record many mercies since I last wrote; but I sum them all up by saying, they have been *very great* in this season of distress. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!'

"*June* 18*th*, 1843.—I went out all day. Mr. C., of Portland, preached. Morning text, 'Being justified by faith,' &c. Afternoon, 'If I be a Father, where is mine honor?' &c. Attended Mrs. Huse's funeral. The address and prayer of her pastor were very appropriate, as I was told. I hope this death will be sanctified to her family and friends. A pillar has fallen!

"*April* 6*th*, 1844, *Fast Day.* — The weather

confines me at home; but I am contented. May the Lord assist all his servants who speak in his name this day! May it be kept aright, and be a day of power!

"*May* 10*th*, *Sabbath Evening.* — I awoke with scattered thoughts, but afterwards enjoyed meditation and prayer. A recent trial seemed less oppressive. Have been out all day. Mr. Stearns' morning text, 'For I was alive without the law,' &c. It seemed well adapted to inquirers. Afternoon, Mr. Woodman preached. Text, 'In all things he had the pre-eminence.' Was grieved to hear that a church member was charged with breaking his word. Evening, E. came in and read to me. I felt better for going out. May a blessing follow the truths spoken!"

For the ministers of the gospel throughout the world, she had a strong regard. The seven pastors of the First Presbyterian Church, who successively held that office, she "esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake," as well as for every resemblance to their Divine Master, which she discovered in them. With most of them she was on terms of intimacy. They could always be sure of her sympathy and prayers, and hearty co-operation in every effort for the benefit of the people of their charge.

The following letters were addressed to Rev. Dr. Proudfit, Professor in Rutgers' College, New Brunswick, (N. J.,) formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport.

To Dr. and Mrs. Proudfit.

"Newburyport, Nov. 7, 1840.

"My dear Friends,

"I wish to inform you that the valuable box sent by you to my son and his wife has arrived safely. I hope and believe that you both, and others who filled up this box, will be rewarded for your great kindness to them. My constant prayer is, that they who water us may have their own souls watered.

"For my son and his wife I most desire that they may be made useful to souls around them. I hope you will pray for them and us sometimes. I never forget you, as a family, in this way. In my old age, I feel it to be a rich privilege to be allowed to draw nigh to God, and intercede for others, especially absent friends. I should be an ungrateful being to forget you or yours.

"I hope your dear children are well, and will early be brought into the fold of Christ.

"I trust, my dear sir, you find a large field of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard. Though we were not long indulged with the privilege of

having you for our pastor, may you be made a rich blessing to others. The aged poor among us often speak of your kindness to them. Many of these aged women have died the last year. Our churches are diminishing in numbers, and we need a revival of religion, that others may be raised up to 'stand in the gap.' It is a low time with us with regard to vital religion.

"I have wanted to tell you about that young Mr. S., who was injured by a gun, whom you visited often when you resided here. He was restored, and became an engaged Christian. Last autumn he was instantly killed while blowing a rock. He was industrious, and had laid up a few hundred dollars, but he gave largely to the missionary cause. He had his desire granted, as he wished to die suddenly. I mention these particulars for your comfort, as you did much for him in his affliction by visits and tracts.

I hope you will be able to read a part of this imperfect letter. I do not expect a reply.

"Accept the best wishes of

"Your obliged and sincere friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

To the same, after the death of his father.

"Newburyport, April 25, 1843.

"My dear Friends,

"Surely God has smitten you all with a heavy rod of affliction in the sudden removal of your dearly beloved father. But I trust you will be enabled to say, 'It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good.' The breach is wide as the sea. But his work was all done, and he is transplanted to a brighter region, where all the air is love. We all sympathize with you as a family. I believe your dear mother will be sustained under this affecting dispensation of Providence, and you all. One thought has struck me powerfully, that now, perhaps, your two brothers, for whom so many prayers have been offered, may become decided Christians.

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

"I hope your dear little sons are well, and will soon be enclosed in the 'ark of safety.' They must miss their beloved grandfather very much. We had a letter from my son and his wife recently, announcing that a revival of religion had commenced in Auburn. They have received your last box of valuable clothing, and will write you soon. You will accept our thanks for this and

every favor shown them and us. *We* cannot reward you, but *the Lord* can, and will. It is best for some of us to be kept low as to external things, so that we may live more by faith.

"Religion is low here; but there are some 'tokens for good.' Here and there a soul is converted. Our ministers have much to try their faith, but they hold on their way. Pray for us.

"Your obliged friend,

J. G."

"April 26, 1844.

"Esteemed Friends,

"I have intended for some time to write to you, but still delayed. I hope your health, and that of your family, has been preserved through the last cold winter. I have been confined by sickness for several months; but now I am as well as usual. I feel the infirmities of old age, but am able to enjoy going to the house of God when it is pleasant, and to visit some of my friends. I am spared, while the most of my co-evals are gone. Pray for me, that I may not be wholly useless.

"I continue to pray for your brothers. I hope they will become decided Christians, and do much good.

"In Andover a revival of religion has commenced. One hundred persons are said to be

much impressed. A very careless boy was wonderfully converted, and his exertions for others were much blessed.

"We have many sects and parties here, and our ministers have great trials. The Scriptures are fulfilling. Let us rejoice that the Lord reigns, and will accomplish all his holy purposes. But Christians ought to gird on the whole armor of God, and watch unto prayer."

"Newburyport, Sept. 21, 1844.

"ESTEEMED FRIENDS,

"Although we do not meet, I am often with you in spirit. I hope you and your family are well, and that your dear children are growing up in the fear of the Lord.

"One object I have in writing now is to give you, dear sir, a short account of the hopeful conversion of a young man, in whom you felt interested when you boarded with him at my sister's. I refer to G. W. L. B. He went to Oregon Territory, where he came under the influence of the Methodist missionaries, and attended their prayer meetings. He was awakened to a sense of his sins, and, after a season of pungent conviction, obtained a hope in Christ, and joined the Methodist Church. One of the missionaries, Rev. Mr. Lee, was here a few weeks since, and gave a very

satisfactory account of his conversion, and of his consistent life for months afterwards, which was a very great comfort to his mother. But a short time, however, elapsed before the news of his death followed. He was shot by one of the natives at Fort Vancouver, thirty miles from the place of his residence. The surgeon who attended him, wrote the account of his death, and said he was calm in view of it, and was able to dictate a few lines to his mother. She is greatly afflicted, but feels that much mercy is mingled with this bitter cup. I trust you will pray for her and her family, that this affliction may be sanctified to them.

"Many changes take place here. I have been feeble the past summer, but keep about house, and often go up to the sanctuary of the Lord.

"I do not expect a reply to this letter. Please accept it as a token of sincere affection from

"Your friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

CHAPTER X.

"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright; and there is no unrighteousness in him."—Ps. xcii. 14, 15.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Ps. cxvi. 15.

We have now reached the closing years of the life of this useful Christian. As to the main features of her piety, there was no change to the very last. The same strength of faith characterized her, the same spirit of prayer, the same ardent desire to do good. Old age had crept gradually upon her, impairing her activity, and producing some infirmities; yet it was that "*good* old age," of which Abraham had the promise, in this, at least, that it was long in coming, that it molested not the mental faculties, and brought with it none of the peevishness and gloom, which so often marks this period of life. She has no knowledge of those "evil days" of decrepitude and misery, which cause the weary pilgrim to exclaim, "I have *no pleasure* in them," for they came not to her.

Throughout life, she has been a pattern of industry, and she always now was usefully employed.

Nor was this so much from habit, or a desire to pass away the time, as from *principle*. Her endeavor was to walk, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, "in *all* the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;" and to be "not slothful in business," she considered a precept no less binding than its correlative, "fervent in spirit." As her sight was failing, her chief employment, in later years, was knitting children's mittens, of which, after she was eighty years, she knit, every year, nearly two hundred pair. Her deafness was a great trial to her, as it very much abridged the pleasure of social intercourse, rendering it painful to many friends, as well as to herself, to prolong conversation with her. Sometimes, when left alone for a short time, it caused her some mortification; for, if persons called with whom she was not well acquainted, she could neither distinguish their features, nor hear their names. But she did not complain, or repine. Generally, she would sit and pray or meditate upon Divine things, thus replenishing constantly the oil which kept her lamp burning; or else she would think upon plans of usefulness; her hands, meanwhile, busily plying the knitting needle. Occasionally, too, as the thought of some friend, in whose family, or spiritual welfare, she took a deep interest, came

into her mind, she would take her pen and write, or else dictate a letter.

The letter upon page 95, dated Jan. 18, 1850, was one of the last she dictated, although she wrote with her own hand notes to her sister till within a few weeks of her decease, notwithstanding her partial loss of sight.

In December, 1845, she had a severe attack of rheumatism, from the effects of which she never wholly recovered. In warm weather she was able to walk abroad; but the approach of winter confined her to the house, and often to her room.

The two following letters, to Rev. Dr. Proudfit, were written by her after this period: —

"Newburyport, Aug. 22, 1846.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"I drop you a few lines by Mr. J. E. Emerson, who expects to leave for Princeton in a few days, and may see you in New Brunswick. He is the son of Mr. C. L. E. of this town, and, having become hopefully pious some years since, has been through Amherst College, and is now about commencing the study of Theology at Princeton. His mother wished me to request for him an interest in your prayers, and such counsel as you may have opportunity to give him.

"Since I wrote you last, I have been called to

suffer much bodily affliction. I had a violent attack of rheumatic fever last December, but by a blessing on the means used, I was so far restored as to leave my room in about two months; but have not recovered my previous health, the rheumatism having settled in my neck, and subjecting me to violent spasms of pain. But I am not wholly confined to the house. Do pray for me, that I may be entirely resigned under this cross.

"I hope you are all well. The memoir of your father has been read here with much pleasure and profit. My father derived much benefit from the perusal of the lives of good people, and so have I, in former years. But my sight fails, so that now I can read but very little.

"We had hoped to see you here this summer. Great sins abound with us; yet some few young persons have been hopefully converted recently.

"I continue to pray for your brothers, and believe that the prayers of their parents and other friends will be answered.

"With affectionate remembrance to Mrs. P., your mother and sister, and your little sons, whom I remember every day, I remain

"Your obliged friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

"Newburyport, Nov. 1, 1848.

"My very dear Friends,

"If you were to hear from me as often as I think of you, it would be *every day*.

"After an absence of nearly ten years, my son has recently made us a short visit. Business called him to take this journey so late in the season. The Lord prospered him on the way, and last Monday week he left us to return to his distant home in Illinois. He looks old and weather-beaten, showing that he has endured great hardships; but he is satisfied that he is far more useful at the West than he could be here, and has had much encouragement in his ministerial labors, frequent conversions occurring under them. He has seven Sabbath schools under his supervision, one of which, numbering sixty pupils, is held in a grove, there being no suitable building in the neighborhood. I looked at his nice coat, vest, &c., and found they were furnished him by your bounty, a year since. May the Lord reward you both for your unwearied kindness to him. He spoke of it with much gratitude, and said your boxes had been of *very great service* to him; he hardly knew how he could have done without them. He wished much to see you before he left New York, but his time would not allow him to go to New Brunswick.

"I hope your health has been restored by your journey. Your dear children are often on my mind, with desires for their best welfare. May they be 'plants of renown.'

"We have had some recent trials in our church, but hope they will be overruled for good. I never expect any reply to my letters. Such as they are, accept them as a proof of the sincere regard of

"Your much obliged friend,

JANE GREENLEAF."

Soon after this letter was written, she was again called to suffer affliction. Her brother, Mr. Philip Coombs, of Bangor, (Maine,) was suddenly removed by death, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, leaving her and a sister the only survivors of twelve children. She felt deeply the sundering of the tie which had so long bound her to this beloved brother; but she endeavored to make the separation the means of quickening her diligence in preparing for her own departure, which she did not expect would be long delayed. To human eyes there was, indeed, little remaining for her to do on earth. She had then nearly completed her eighty-fifth year. Amidst the varied scenes of a long life, her faith had proved itself to be genuine, by the fruits of righteousness. She

had suffered grievous afflictions, and had been enabled to "glorify God in the fires." Her heart had gone before her into Heaven, and her treasure was there; why should she be longer tried? Had the summons then come, perhaps her repute as a Christian, "a mother in Israel," might have been no less; and she would have escaped much suffering. But her Heavenly Father had other purposes for her benefit, and his own glory. It is not every one who is saved "so as by fire." Some are destined to an "abundant entrance" into the Heavenly kingdom, and must "endure hardness," till God's wisdom has decided that it is enough. Nor may we suppose that God ever suffers a Christian to linger on earth longer, or to be afflicted more, than necessity requires. He sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver," who watches till the highest degree of purity is attained, and when his own image is fully reflected, *that moment* he removes it from the fire, lest the precious metal be injured. It was painful to see this beloved mother, apparently already ripe for Heaven, suffer, as she afterwards did; but He, who never afflicts willingly, nor needlessly, had a wise and holy design in all. He desires to receive from his vineyard, the church, in return for all his care, not only ripe fruit, but mellow. And, in her case, his purpose of love was accomplished by

prolonging her life into its extreme autumn, when the "frosts of age," and the keen air of suffering, rapidly mellowed the graces, which the summer of life had been so long maturing.

The spring of 1850 was "the beginning of the end;" and her children might then have adopted, for their own, the language of the prophet, "Woe is unto us! for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out." An extreme soreness of the mouth and throat commenced, which, in its progress, baffled medical skill, and finally proved to be of a cancerous nature.

In the following December, she was confined to her room, which she never left afterwards, except in a few instances. She now endured severe paroxysms of pain, and it became increasingly difficult and distressing to take even her necessary food. But she was a meek and patient sufferer, never, either by word or look, manifesting any want of entire acquiescence in the Divine will. Her hand would sometimes be raised to her face, as if to support it, but that was all that indicated suffering. It was too painful for her to speak, and she said but little. And thus would she sit in her arm chair for hours, in converse with her God and Saviour, the dearest to her, ever, of all her friends. She looked continually to Him who

had been with her through life, and from whose hands she had received so much good; and His grace enabled her, with meek and subdued resignation, to kiss the rod, knowing who had appointed it, and not doubting that the trial would "work the peaceable fruits of righteousness." She was sensible that she was gradually failing, and occasionally would say, "Sometimes I long to begone; but I check the desire lest the reason of it should be because I want to get rid of *pain*, and I ought to be willing to *live* and *suffer* just as long as my Heavenly Father sees best."

During all this time, whilst others were admiring her fortitude, gentleness and faith, she, on the contrary, was humbling herself "under the mighty hand of God," and writing "bitter things" against herself. She felt her unworthiness, and was convinced that her sharpest trials were absolutely necessary.

On the afternoon of May 10th, 1851, a slight hoarseness became apparent, and continued to increase till, on the 12th, it assumed the appearance of influenza. On that day, Monday, though she could scarcely stand alone, she sat up six hours, and knit, till three o'clock, P. M., when, for the last time, she rolled up her work as neatly as ever, and repaired to her bed, which she never was able to leave afterwards, although she sub-

mitted rather reluctantly, thinking it might be "too great self-indulgence." But her laborious breathing and increasing weakness gave indication, to her friends, that the conflict was soon to terminate.

On the morning of the 14th,

"In age and feebleness extreme,"

she made a last attempt at family prayer, and repeated audibly, but in broken accents, the Lord's prayer. A few hours after, when asked by her brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Dana, "Have you peace?" she said, "My bodily sufferings are very great; but I don't doubt the Lord will take care of me." Still later in the day, with closed eyes and clasped hands, she evidently joined in prayer with her pastor, Rev. Mr. Vermilye, although unable to speak; and, from that time, she spoke little, although her mental faculties were clear to the last. But, in her case, the testimony of "last words" was not needed to prove that her hope was built upon the "Rock, Christ." Like Whitefield, she might well be permitted to "die silent;" for a long life of piety has indisputably proved her faith sincere.

During the succeeding night, she slept at intervals, and seemed to suffer little. Just as the

morning of the 15th dawned, in the most gentle manner, she "fell asleep in Jesus,"

> "All her sorrows left below,
> And earth exchanged for Heaven."

There were three instances of the Divine faithfulness and love in her death. It had long been her prayer that she might be enabled to cancel a small debt, and a few days before her decease, she was enabled to do this, by one of those Providential interpositions which she had long been in the habit of noticing. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

She had always an instinctive dread of dying; "the pains, the groans, the dying strife" she feared to encounter. But so gently did "the king of terrors" approach, that she had, probably, passed "the swellings of Jordan" before she was aware that she had entered its waters. Her ransomed spirit, it can scarcely be doubted, was released, and had become enrolled among "the just made perfect," before she recognized the fatal verge. The King long seen "through the lattice," she had beheld "in his beauty," and had received the welcome, "Come, thou blessed of my Father," before she knew that she had seen "the last of earth." "Like as a father pitieth his chil-

dren, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

It was a Father's love, also, which released her from the "body of death," just when her evidences and graces had become "perfect through suffering." A longer stay would have been unutterably agonizing, since, from the nature of her disease, nothing less than a painful death, by starvation, could have been expected.

"The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth, from age to age, endure."

Her age was eighty-seven years and three months. The words, which God himself spake, and which his own finger graved upon enduring stone, at Sinai, for a memorial unto all generations, were fulfilled in her. She honored her father and mother with a reverence and submission, not common at the present time, and her "days were long."

There was deep sorrow at her decease, and a large concourse attended her funeral the next day; but any expressions of mourning were tempered, both in her own family and abroad, by the feeling, which all the circumstances combined to produce,

that it was well. The words of the apocalyptic penman, from which her pastor delivered a funeral discourse, the succeeding Sabbath, find an echo in many a heart beside the Christian's, as Balaam's burst of desire may show; "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER XI.

"For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."—EPH. ii. 8, 9.

IN the preceding pages the writer has endeavored to avoid anything, which might appear like *eulogium* upon her mother. She has sought to embody in the narrative, as far as her ability extended, such material only as might give a view of her religious character, with a desire to magnify the goodness and grace of God, as they were manifested through her, if haply some other soul might be encouraged to trust and serve him as did the subject of this Memoir. No attempt has been made, for the purpose of elevating her virtues, to compare her with others known to the churches. Why should such attempts ever be made? God has given to the church but one Payson, one McCheyne, one Isabella Graham, one Harriet Newell; and none in the wide world are exactly fitted to wear their crowns. But each Christian receives a crown, according to the "diversity of gifts" and the measure of faithfulness. "Who

shall be *greatest* in the kingdom of heaven," or is most entitled to the praise of men, is a question which may best be left to him who knows all hearts. The memoirs of the saints are not *eulogies*, but *reservoirs*, out of which believers may draw the honey of grace, and be edified and improved.

In this chapter the object is simply to bring into one view the different parts of Mrs. Greenleaf's Christian character, that it may stand before the reader as a whole. In so doing we must glance at her principles, her graces, and the exercises, or means, by which they were sustained. If, then, any thing has appeared to the reader admirable in her, (and even the irreligious certainly respected her in life,) let not the truth be wronged in the first place, nor our fallen nature too highly complimented by the thought, that this eminent goodness flowed from a mere earthly source. Had the whispered unction reached herself, however pleasing it might have been to the ear of some religious Pharisee, she would at once have exclaimed with Paul, "Less than the least of all saints;" "I am the chief of sinners." But had she been made to see that in many things she excelled others, she would have exclaimed with fervent sincerity, "By the grace of God I am what I am." What is known of her youth shows

that her natural qualities were indeed such as usually conciliate esteem. Still to give such tone, and refinement and direction to natural excellencies to make them what they became, it was necessary that the enkindled flame of holy love, the purifying power of gospel faith, the touch of true religion should be produced.

The qualities which most distinguished her were implanted by grace. Humbly sitting at the feet of Jesus, she had learned lessons which the world can never teach, and had imbibed a spirit which unregenerate man can never know. But her life of faith and active benevolence was not only the *result* of grace, but an *exemplification* of the *doctrines* of grace. These were her principles. She believed them, felt them, and was formed by them. The views of truth she adopted were those usually denominated Calvinistic. A member for nearly fifty-two years of the First Presbyterian Church, she gave cordial assent to its confession of faith, and took for her standards the works which the denomination most value; first, the Bible, as "the only rule of faith and practice;" then the Catechism, Willison, Edwards, Davies, and others, as correct expositors of its truth and spirit. She drank at the fountain-head of truth and righteousness, and loved the vital flow of every gospel stream.

In the maintenance of her opinions there was nothing disputatious. Indeed, her mind revolted from every thing of this kind; and she regarded the confusions and conflicts, which such a temper has engendered, with pain, as prejudicial to the interests of religion. Bigoted adherence to a mere "form of sound words" was no characteristic of her religion. Yet those sentiments which experience, reflection, and a constant intimacy with the Bible, had impressed upon her convictions as parts of the "faith once delivered to the saints," she adhered to firmly. Of the entire depravity of her nature, her utter unworthiness, she was fully persuaded. With her habits of close and conscientious self-scrutiny, and her elevated views of the spirituality and exceeding breadth of the divine law, that marvellous "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," no argument was needed to convince *her* that "the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to his law." *She felt it.*

She cordially believed in the necessity of regeneration by the special influence of the Spirit, and her sole reliance for pardon and eternal life was the atonement of Christ. "Confidence in the flesh," or in good works, she utterly renounced. That great "article of a standing or falling church," as Luther pronounced it to be—of

a standing or falling soul, it might be added — "*the just shall live by faith*," she responded to, and adopted from the heart. To the sacrifice on Calvary she turned, as the only source of peace; on this tried foundation, *the cross*, did she build for eternity.

The "election of grace" was to her a precious and most encouraging truth; since it gave her assurance that if, as she believed, she had been "renewed in the spirit and temper of her mind," however humble, however weak, and inefficient *in herself*, she would not be suffered to "fall away unto perdition." "Who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord?" In this, and this alone, she saw security. Does this doctrine tend to presumption and evil? Let her life of laborious diligence in "every good word and work" answer. This was the system of principles she embraced; and to the power of such truths is to be attributed, next to the Spirit, her eminence in piety. For whence sprang that great *faith*, which was one of her characteristic graces? It was no blind, delusive persuasion, but rested upon reasonable evidence, even the revelation that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Whence were her humility, her meek submissiveness, her confidence

in God, derived, but from the persuasion of entire unworthiness, of God's absolute sovereignty, power and grace? It was the intensity with which she was enabled to realize the conviction, that "all the promises of God in Christ, are yea, and in him amen," that rendered her so cheerful and "patient in tribulation."

But it was not only the *passive* graces, so to speak, or the experimental, for which she was distinguished; but she abounded in works. Always full of love and charity, maintaining a conversation at once serious, devout, humble and beneficent; she made the service of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the good of others, the great business of life, pursuing it with earnestness and diligence to the end of her days, through all trial.

Her views of gospel religion were too clear to allow her to rest satisfied with the evidence of frames and feelings. A piety whose only outward evidence was profession, which was merely speculative and dogmatic, which looked no farther than self, was to her mind but doubtful, at the best. She compared Scripture with Scripture, and found it written indeed, that "by grace are we saved through faith;" but also that "faith without works is dead;" "we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should

walk in them." She knew that "man's chief end is to glorify God," as well as to "enjoy him forever." And wherever she was known, it was "told for a memorial of her," that she "went about doing good;" "the love of Christ also constraining her, because she thus judged that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again."

Were Christians of a kindred spirit more numerous, what results would follow the remark of one, that "her life was the most convincing proof of the reality of religion, with which he had ever met," will show. The evidence of such *characters* would be worth a host of arguments,

"To prove the doctrine all divine."

But graces like hers are not *self-sustaining;* they derive their strength from the use of means. For all Christians in all ages these means are the same; and wherever they have been faithfully employed, the like results have followed. It is "the tree, planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither."

Is a Christian eminent in piety? Assuredly

"his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." Mrs. Greenleaf was an attentive and diligent *reader of the Bible*. That blessed volume was often in her hand, as well as regularly perused, and thus became deeply graven on her heart. The services of the sanctuary she never omitted when able to attend. She also observed and improved the providences of God, and found of a truth, that "whoever *will* watch Providence, shall never want a Providence to watch."

But it was especially by *prayer* that she kept her heart in tune. In the secret place of devotion she trimmed her lamp, and by the living coal, "from God's own altar brought," she kept it burning.

She loved also the female prayer meeting, and was accustomed to join with the Christian friends who visited her, in prayer for themselves and families. This was always a delightful and profitable exercise to her. There was one family where for years she never made a social visit, without retiring with the mother for prayer; and in that family, a numerous circle of children have been hopefully converted. When we learn such facts, we cease to wonder that her character was so subdued, her conduct so unblameable, her example

so impressive in the world. Gaining warmth and vigor in the closet, and from the Word of God, her religion extended its benign and transforming influence to every duty, and over every relation. Reader, if you would reach a like holy pre-eminence, "go thou, and do likewise."

CHAPTER XII.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—Prov. x. 7.

Lest any should suppose that the preceding delineation of character has been in any respects dictated solely by the partiality of affection, the following letters will show how she was estimated by others, not connected with her by any natural ties.

The following was written to her about ten days before her decease, by Mr. G. W., of Washington, (D. C.)

"Washington, May 4, 1851.

"To Mrs. Jane Greenleaf.

"My venerable and dear Friend,

"I was this day told by Col. C., of Maine, of your severe trial, and the hopelessness of relief this side the grave. I heard this with deep sympathy. God is making you 'perfect through suffering,' by all these great afflictions, and preparing you for the glory that is to follow. As in his earthly temple, those stones fitted for the highest

eminence, were cut the deepest, so in the preparation of the living stone destined for the temple above.

"After so many years' service in doing and suffering the will of God, this crowning trial of your faith and patience is laid upon you, for the manifestation of his grace in sustaining you, and making you a pattern of all long-suffering 'to the praise of the glory of his grace.'

"This cannot seem to you, as it is not intended by me, the language of compliment. You are too near the realities of heaven, not to feel that these are, and must be, 'the words of truth and soberness.' For them not to be so would be to doubt the goodness, the grace, and the Word of God.

"I beg to thank you for every remembrance of me in your prayers. I once was among those set down on your list for Friday's recollection. I hope I have not been forgotten even to the present time. It has been my happiness to inherit the prayers of a holy grandmother, and of a precious mother, who have long since entered into the rest which remains for the people of God. Into that assembly of the just made perfect you are soon to enter, to go no more out; to take your seat at your Father's table in mansions prepared for you, and to be welcomed home by hundreds

who have shared your sympathy and been saved by your prayers.

"May God our Saviour illustrate his grace by your abounding consolations!

"This will be the last opportunity I expect to have of expressing to you my most true and affectionate respect and love. Let me hope, when this is read to you, I may share once more in your prayers for my daily perseverance in the faith and love of Christ.

G. W."

The succeeding letters from which extracts are made, were addressed to the compiler after her decease.

From Rev. R. W. F. .

"Woburn, June 11, 1851.

"I had not noticed the record of your dear sainted mother's death in the papers, and was ignorant of the fact until I learned it from you. From your description it appears that her sufferings during the last months of her life were very great. This is one of the mysteries of Providence which remains to be solved to our minds hereafter. No one who knew your departed mother could doubt that she was one of the most beloved of God's children, and most ripe for heaven. She was such an one as we should have

selected to follow Enoch and Elijah, by a gentle and easy translation from earth to heaven. But Infinite Wisdom saw sufficient and benevolent reasons for leading her by a rugged path down the descent to the dark valley. Yet it seems that he scattered light in her pathway, and verified in her experience the promise first made to Asher, but doubtless designed to be of universal application to his people, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' So is it *always* in the experience of God's true children.

"I never knew a woman whom I so deeply revered as a saint of the old *Puritan*, or rather *Apostolic*, stamp, as I did your honored mother. I always felt when in her presence as though I was treading on 'holy ground,' 'just on the verge of heaven.'

"Although my interviews with her have been 'few and far between,' and I have been prevented from corresponding with her as frequently as I should have been glad to do, yet I have rejoiced to number her among my most valued friends, and have at times derived great comfort and encouragement from the assurance she repeatedly gave me, that I was weekly remembered in her intercessions at the throne of grace."

From Rev. Dr. P., of New Brunswick, (N. J.)

"New Brunswick, June 12.

"We feel that we can say with unfaltering assurance, with regard to your excellent and honored mother, 'she is at home with the Lord.'

"So long, so bright, so consistent a manifestation of the power of true and living faith in the Lord Jesus; so various a trial of grace, and every change bringing out some new and beautiful trait of the Christian character, inspires, indeed, a confidence which renders death an occasion of thankful joy, rather than of sorrow and condolence. The Lord grant us all (after we have suffered awhile) a like 'abundant entrance' into the kingdom of heaven! There we shall recover all that we have had, or known, or loved in this life, that is worth recovering, besides unutterable accessions of *new* holiness, power, and happiness. What a hope! What a Redeemer and Father, whose 'abundant mercy hath begotten us to it!'"

From Deacon S. T., of Boston.

"Much have I valued the prayers, which I have been assured by your mother, were going up from her hallowed retirement, for myself and my family; and it remains yet to be seen how large a share of the spiritual blessings that have descended on us and our children, have come to us as the

result of *her* repeated and constant supplications. We know that 'the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much,' and such, I trust and believe, were hers. But now her prayers are turned into praise; and *our* loss is *her* unspeakable gain.

"And O! how much cause have we all to bless God for her easy and sweet release from her frail and shattered tenement of clay. This is what she prayed for; but in this, perhaps more than in any thing else, her faith was weak. But God was better to her than her fears. He withheld dying grace until it was needed, and then manifested himself as he always does, a covenant-keeping God. When his people are called to pass through the waters, he is with them, and the floods shall not overflow them.

"I have pictured out in my own mind her delightful feelings when, having passed so easily and unexpectedly through 'the swellings of Jordan,' she found herself standing on the opposite shore, and in full view of the celestial city. I seem to see her looking back with surprise, and exclaiming, 'O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?' and then, turning to her present Saviour, adding, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

APPENDIX. NO. I.

"The seasons as they fly
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
The parent, ever honored, ever dear,
Claims from the filial heart the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands a sister's tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom
Of jocund youth;—to-morrow knells us to the tomb."

At the time of the decease of the subject of the preceding Memoir, her two children were living, although several hundred miles separated them. The son, Rev. William Coombs Greenleaf, was then a resident of Springfield, (Illinois.) On receiving the intelligence of his mother's death, he wrote thus, under date of May 26, 1851: —

"It is natural that we should mourn the loss of a mother, so affectionate and faithful as she was; but when we consider that she had arrived at a very great age, and that her various diseases and

infirmities had for sometime closed up most of the sources and means of enjoyment, and that she was as ready for her departure as she ever could be, we have more reason for joy than for sorrow.

"I hope we shall all feel devoutly thankful that her dissolution was attended with so much less suffering than we had been led to fear.

"Since you informed me of the nature of the disease on her tongue, I have been oppessed with a heavy burden of anxiety on her behalf; but a few nights ago, I was enabled to submit her case to him who does all things well, in the confidence that he would not inflict on her any pain, which would not be necessary for his glory and her good. I join with you in the prayer that we may be enabled to follow her even as she followed Christ."

Under date of June 1, he writes: —

"We were anxious to hear the particulars of the burial of our beloved mother; and now enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that her mortal remains were committed to the dust in the presence and with the sympathy of those who had witnessed the purity and active benevolence of her life. That the immortal part has made its final escape from suffering and sin, can admit of no shadow of doubt.

"The more I reflect on the subject, the more fully am I convinced that her final exit was attended with far less acute suffering than could have been expected.

"We have lost one of the best of mothers. Indeed, I think it very uncommon for one so kind and indulgent, to be at the same time so faithful to the spiritual interests of her children. Much as she oved us, you know she never would allow us to do any thing which would expose our spiritual interests to danger."

Another letter, dated June 29, followed, in which he spoke of himself as being remarkably well, though very fully occupied. The next letter received from Springfield, was from the pen of a friend, stating that he had been suddenly removed from time to eternity.

On the morning of July 21st, he and his family arose in their usual health. About nine o'clock he was seized with slight indisposition, which in a few hours proved to be cholera, that disease having appeared in the immediate vicinity three days previous. When the symptoms were decisive, he was calm, and told his wife "he doubtless had the cholera, and might die; but he should not suffer long, and had no wish to have it

otherwise; all was well; he had no anxiety for the future." After this he sank rapidly; his speech failing faster than his strength. About sunset the symptoms of cholera seemed to be subdued. Very soon, however, a violent attack of asthma (to which he was subject) came on, with which he struggled until a quarter past eleven o'clock, P. M., when he was released from his sufferings, and, we trust, was received into "the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He survived his mother less than ten weeks. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death were not long divided."

"In the important article of death, the privileges of believers appear distinguishing indeed. To human nature, unassisted by grace, death, the awful punishment of sin, is the 'king of terrors.' Bitter indeed, and insupportably painful, are the thoughts of death to men who have 'their portion in this life,' and 'are at ease in their possessions.' How enviable, even to such, is the calm and serene frame of a dying saint. Here the monster seems to have lost its sting, having left it in the bleeding body of Jesus. Death has changed its nature and its name. Call it no more death; it is the sweet sleep of the body, deposited in its

earthly bed, under the eye of the Redeemer, till the morning of the resurrection." *

The funeral was attended the next morning at nine o'clock. A general sensation of grief was awakened throughout the city of Springfield at his sudden removal; and his bereaved family, consisting of his widow and two children, to whom he supplied the place of a parent, received many expressions of sympathy and kindness. He was nearly fifty-four years of age.

A brief notice of his history, for the last twenty years, may be interesting to the friends of his youth.

Soon after completing his theological studies in Bangor, in September, 1831, he was ordained as pastor of the Congregational Church in Andover, Oxford County, (Maine;) where, amidst many discouragements and hardships, he remained till the spring of 1837, when, for several reasons, at his own request he was honorably dismissed by an ecclesiastical council. The severity and length of the winter in that cold region had much increased the asthma, to which he was constitutionally predisposed. This led him to turn his attention to the West, as opening a wide field of usefulness, and possessing a climate more favorable to pul-

* Burder.

monary complaints. Accordingly, after supplying the church in Hooksett (N. H.) for a few weeks, he commenced his journey to the West in October. He went to Auburn, a settlement on Sugar Creek, Sangamon County, (Illinois,) not intending to tarry even for a night; but at the solicitation of the elders of the church, he remained for a year and then was induced to take up his abode with the people, and assume the oversight of the Presbyterian Church.

In the second year, he suffered much from fever and ague, and was unable to preach regularly; and as the inhabitants of that part of the country have, as yet, not learned the important duty of sustaining their ministers, he endured many trials. But he had counted the cost before he went; and being satisfied that his health would have failed wholly had he remained at the East another winter, he was "ready to *live* there, or to *die* there, just as his Heavenly Father might order;" and even in the darkest hour, he had no wish to return, finding an ample field of usefulness, and willingly cultivating the soil, to supply his people's "lack of service."

After being there about two years, during which he suffered much from sickness, disappointment and perplexity, a brighter day rose upon him. Health returned, and with it came a de-

gree of vigor and energy which he had not known before. He acquired a strength of voice, and soundness of lungs, which enabled him to preach with ease to large congregations in the open air. Every alternate Sabbath he preached in a village six miles distant, usually going and returning on foot.

Nor did the Master whom he served permit him to labor in vain. In a moral and religious point of view, the people to whom he ministered underwent a great change. Though, at first, he was almost the only advocate of temperance in that region, in a few years there was comparatively very little intemperance in the settlement. The influences of the Spirit attended the preached word, and considerable accessions were made to the church.

In 1843, he received a commission from the Assembly's Board of Missions, and one hundred dollars per annum for a few years after.

He found the standard of piety at the West much lower than at the East. The Sabbath was not properly regarded, even by professed Christians. He labored to produce correct opinions and practice in those respects.

The great doctrines of the gospel were very imperfectly understood, there being more reliance on mere excitement, than on soundness in the

faith, and a corresponding practice. A "big meeting" once or twice a year, was thought by many to answer every purpose; and the remainder of the time they would hear Campbellites, Mormons, Universalists, or whom they pleased. Against these things he set his face, and preached the great doctrines of the gospel, which he defended and illustrated. Gradually the people became more regular in their lives, and more discriminating in their doctrinal views; and many of the most influential citizens labored to build up the good cause which once they opposed.

From the first he endeavored to cultivate friendly relations with other evangelical denominations; and as the result he had their cordial friendship.

There was a great scarcity of books in that region. He could not find a single copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" when he first went there. This defect was supplied by friends at the East, who sent books and tracts for general distribution, which were anxiously sought, attentively read, and carefully preserved. A library was sent from the Sabbath School connected with the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport, which was distributed among three Sabbath Schools in that vicinity.

In the autumn of 1845 he removed to Chat-

ham, five miles north of Auburn, on the same road, and in the same county. He did not, however, at first supply the pulpit there, although a majority of the church wished it. A division in it, on the subject of abolition, he thought would effectually destroy his peace, and hinder his usefulness. But he continued to labor in destitute churches and settlements, where he was always well received.

After a time, the church in Chatham becoming more united, he ministered to them regularly. In the autumn of 1846 there was a revival of religion; but not so extensive, nor so long continued, as he hoped it would be. The enemy came in disguise, "and sowed tares." The people, however, continued very attentive to the word preached. Their ability to sustain the institutions of religion increased from year to year; but their liberality did not keep pace with it.

Most of them were frontier men, who had never lived long in a place, and, therefore, had never been very strongly impressed with the importance of sustaining either religious or educational institutions.

In the summer of 1848, the time for which he had engaged to supply the pulpit of Chatham expired; and although both the church and congregation expressed a desire that he should con-

tinue to minister to them, he declined, the asthma having gained so fast upon him that he could only preach with utmost difficulty. A visit to New England in the autumn accelerated the progress of the disease, so that he was obliged on his return to relinquish preaching altogether, and devote himself to agriculture for a subsistence. For this purpose he removed to the suburbs of Springfield, and superintended a large nursery and garden which belonged to a capitalist in the city. He attended church in Springfield regularly, with his family, worshipping in the Third Presbyterian Church, under the care of Rev. Mr. Dodge; and endeavored to show to whose kingdom he belonged by conducting his extensive secular business on Christian principles, and by a strict observance of the Sabbath.

To surviving friends it is comforting to learn that he was enabled by Divine grace to maintain an exemplary Christian deportment, and to leave behind him an evidence that he was truly "a good man."

In many natural traits he resembled his mother; and in some of the Christian characteristics, there was a close affinity. He possessed untiring industry, indomitable perseverance, great enterprize and energy. He endured trials *cheerfully;* his trust in God in seasons of discourage-

ment, was *unwavering*. He seemed to live in death, and in constant preparation for *sudden* death, which he considered desirable.

The doctrines of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.) he firmly believed and preached. On the atonement of Christ, he placed all his hopes of salvation. It was on this "rock of ages" that he was enabled quietly to rest, when, suddenly, he found himself breasting the billows of death. The believer's "life begins with the knowledge of Christ, and ends by dying in him, and eternally enjoying him. And all through life he looks to and lives upon Christ. Blessed beginning! comfortable living! joyful dying!"

The two following letters, from which extracts are made, were written after Mr. G.'s death: —

From Deacon W. D., of Lowell.

"Lowell, Aug. 26, 1851.

"It is with mingled emotions of pain and pleasure, that I read yours of the 8th inst., which announced to me the death of your beloved brother, and my *friend*, Rev. W. C. Greenleaf. I thank you for particulars of his death, and for giving information respecting your mother's, which we had noticed in the papers. It gives us

pain to learn this, because the cause of Christ has lost the labors of *two* of his faithful servants; and many friends have lost the affectionate and sympathizing instruction and fervent prayers of 'a mother in Israel,' and of 'a watchman on the walls of Zion.' It gives us *pleasure*, because there remains such pleasing evidence that *both* have gone in such quick succession, to unite in praising redeeming love for ever and ever; to that 'rest that remaineth for the people of God.'

"You were right in saying, I always took a deep interest in your brother. Falling in with him, as I did in 1823, as we boarded together, before Mrs. D. came to Lowell, I used to spend my leisure moments with him, in religious conversation; and we often walked out together, that we might more fully express our views on religion. But he soon left this place, and I heard no more of him until August, 1826, when I very unexpectedly received a letter from him, stating his then present views on that point. He said, (though I had forgotten it,) that when we parted in Lowell in 1823, I expressed confidence that he would become a Christian, and made him promise that if he should, he would write me; and he then wrote that he 'verily believed God had brought him out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light,' and gave some particulars of

his conversion. This was a great encouragement to me, and did much to strengthen me to pray and labor for other's salvation, in that great revival, which had already then commenced in this place, which continued for more than six years, when such multitudes were hopefully born into the kingdom.

"I regret very much not being at home when your brother took pains to call on me, when he was going to the West; but he is gone, and I am spared.

"And your mother's prayers we have done with. She told me once, she had *a list of names* she always prayed for on certain days, weekly; each individual separately. Have you that list? Do preserve it. It must be a sacred piece of paper. And then I shall have no more of her good letters. The last one she wrote was in such a hand that I could scarcely read it; but I know it was good, every word of it."

From Rev. Dr. Proudfit.

"New Brunswick, Sept. 10, 1851.

"You cannot doubt that both the dear friends for whom you mourn, are with their Redeemer, and with one another. They have entered into rest. Both of them have so lived as not only to leave with their friends the precious and consoling

assurance that they 'sleep in Jesus,' but they have left behind them, scattered far and wide, the seed which they have 'sown unto the Spirit,' and which will yield a glorious harvest at 'the end of the world.' The departure of a Christian to glory cannot, I think, at any moment, be called *mysterious*, when we look at it in connection with our Redeemer's words, John xvii. 24. Christ desires to have his own 'with him where he is,' and will not endure a longer separation from them than is necessary to accomplish the ends of their own sanctification and the extension of his kingdom on earth. For these ends alone he permits them to remain here, where they are separated, in one sense, at least, from himself, and have so much to struggle with, both of sin and suffering. Blessed be his name for that word, addressed to his whole church, 'Behold, I come *quickly!*' O! that every heart that loves him may be so weary of this world, and so impatient for heaven, as to respond, 'Even *so*, come, Lord Jesus.'"

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY MONTGOMERY.

"This place is holy ground;
World, with thy cares, away;
Silence and darkness reign around,
But lo! the break of day:
What bright and sudden dawn appears,
To shine upon this scene of tears?

"'Tis not the morning light,
That wakes the lark to sing;
'Tis not the meteor of the night,
Nor track of angel's wing:
It is an uncreated beam,
Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.

"Eternity and time
Met, for a moment, here;
From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
Rested on either sphere,
Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
By death's cold hand led home to God.

"He landed in our view,
'Midst flaming hosts above;
Whose ranks stood silent, while he drew
Night to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.

"Thrilled with ecstatic awe,
Entranced our spirits fell,
And saw — yet wist not what they saw;
And heard — no tongue can tell
What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
What glory filled the eye of thought.

"Thus far above the pole,
On wings of mountain fire,
Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul;
But soon her pinions tire;
It is not given to mortal man
Eternal mysteries to scan.

"Behold the bed of death,
This pale and lovely clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eyes' last ray?
No: — life so *sweetly ceased to be*,
It lapsed in immortality.

"Bury the dead; — weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep,
Who bore on earth his cross;
And from the grave their dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies."

HEAVEN BRIGHTER THAN EARTH.

"O, make Heaven seem brighter than this earth."
Dying words of Rev. M. Buren.

"Those skies no night that wear,
Nor cloud, nor tempest know,
Those skies no blight that bear,
Those streams that stainless flow,
Are they not brighter far
Than all that lure us here?
Where storms may fright each lingering star,
From midnight's lonely sphere?

"Here hope of sorrow drinks,
Here beauty yields to care,
And virtue from temptation shrinks,
And folly finds despair;
But 'mid that world above
No baleful step may stray,
The white-winged seraph's glance of love
Would drive each ill away.

"Friendship is there the guest
Of chilling doubt no more,
And love with thornless breast,
Whose pains and fears are o'er;
There is no farewell sigh
Throughout that heavenly clime,
No moaning voice, no severed tie,
Or change of hoary time.

"Why plant the cypress near
The pillow of the just?
Why dew with murmuring tear
Their calm and sacred dust?
Rear there the rose's pride,
Bid the young myrtle bloom,
Fit emblems of their joys, who bide
Beyond the insatiate tomb.

"'Mid that celestial place,
Our thoughts would soaring glow,
E'en while we run the pilgrim race
Of weariness and woe,
For who would shrink from death,
With brief and icy hand,
Or heed the pang of shortening breath,
To win that glorious land?"

APPENDIX. NO. II.

The "Isles of Shoals," seven in number, are situated partly in New Hampshire and partly in Maine. They were discovered in 1614, by the celebrated Capt. John Smith, so well known in connection with the history of Virginia. He gave to them his own name. Why and when they received their present appellation is not known.

They are a mass of rocks, covered with a thin soil, capable of supporting, in summer, a few cows and sheep. Tradition tells us that a woman, who died there in 1795, at the age of ninety years, kept two cows, and cut the grass for their support, from between the rocks, with a knife. On two of the Islands are found whortleberries, choke plums, and cranberries. Sometime about 1800 nearly half the sward on Star Island was cut, dried, and burnt for fuel.

Soon after their discovery they became the permanent abode of quite a large population, their

sole business being fishing. For more than a century previous to the Revolutionary War there were from 300 to 600 inhabitants on all the Islands.

Star Island, which is the largest of the group, was an incorporated town, first named Appledore, and afterwards Gosport. The usual municipal officers were chosen, and the town records regularly kept.

At one period they were so prosperous that gentlemen sent their sons there from the sea-coast to receive literary instruction.

Before the War, Mr. Haley, the proprietor of one of the Islands, had erected a sea-wall to protect the only harbor. He also built and used a wind-mill, a rope-walk, 270 feet long, and a range of salt works.

In former years they caught and cured from three to four thousand quintals of fish.

The first settlers felt the importance of establishing the worship of God among them. Previous to 1641 a meeting-house was erected on Hog Island. Rev. Mr. Hull was the first minister. Rev. John Brock the second. He was ordained in 1650, removed in 1662, died in Reading, Mass., 1688. After his removal Rev. Mr. Belcher, a worthy and excellent man, preached there some time. About this time, probably through fear of the Indians who frequented Hog

Island, most of the inhabitants removed to Star Island. Here, a new meeting-house, 28 by 48 feet, was built; and in 1706, Mr. Moody, of Salisbury, (Mass.) was invited to take charge of the parish. He left in 1730. After his removal, the Rev. John Tucke was ordained there, July 26, 1732. He died August 12th, 1773. The following is the inscription on the monument erected to his memory: —

"Underneath
are
the remains of the
Rev. John Tucke, A. M.
He graduated at Harvard College,
A. D. 1723;
was ordained here July 26th, 1732,
and died Aug. 12th, 1773.
Aged 72.

He was affable and polite in manners;
amiable in his disposition;
of great piety and integrity;
given to hospitality;
diligent and faithful in his pastoral office;
well learned in History and
Geography,
as well as general science; and a
useful physician,
both to the bodies and souls of his people."

The salary given to him was £110 per annum, from 1754 to 1771. It was paid in merchantable winter fish, a quintal to a man. As there were

from eighty to one hundred men on the Island, and each quintal was worth a guinea, the salary was as liberal as usual, at that time, on the main land. Besides his salary, Mr. Tucke received £50 towards a house.

Shortly after his death, Rev. Jeremiah Shaw preached at the Shoals, and remained there till the dispersion of the inhabitants in 1775. Soon after the commencement of the war, it was found that they were at the mercy of the enemy, and furnished them with recruits and supplies. They were, therefore, ordered by Government to leave, and most of them obeyed. Four or five families remained, who were among the most degraded of the people, ignorant and wretched. Vice now took possession of the Islands.

In 1800, there were one hundred and twelve inhabitants on all the Islands. On Star Island there were fifteen families, occupying eleven houses, most of which are described as being, of all abodes of human beings, the most loathsome. The people lost the ability, and by degrees the disposition, to support schools and public worship; the laws were disregarded; the duties of officers neglected; the vices of drunkenness and quarrelling prevailed.

About this time, Hon. Dudley A. Tyng, of Newburyport, addressed a letter to Rev. Dr. Morss, of Charlestown, then Secretary of the "Society for

propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America," asking aid for this people. The society voted $100. Mr. Joseph Emerson was first sent there as a minister. Before funds could be raised, Mr. Tyng caused a meeting-house of stone to be erected, 36 by 24 feet. He employed fourteen men and four boys to erect it, and they completed it in *nine days*, besides repairing two or three houses. The meeting-house was finished Oct. 29th, 1800, and dedicated Nov. 14th. Rev. Josiah Stephens soon took charge of the people. He died there July 2d, 1804. The following is the inscription on his tombstone : —

"In memory of
Rev. JOSIAH STEPHENS,
a faithful instructor of youth,
and pious minister of Jesus Christ,
(supported on this Island
by the society for
propagating the gospel,)
who died July 2nd, 1804.
Aged 64 years.

Likewise of
Mrs. SUSANNA STEPHENS,
his beloved wife,
who died December 10th, 1810.
Aged 54 years."

After the death of Mr. Stephens, there is no record of any teacher or minister, till 1819, when

Mr. Caleb Chase was employed to teach school for twelve weeks. In 1820, Mr. Brigham (now Rev. Dr. Brigham, of N. Y.,) spent a few weeks there in giving instruction to the people, and several others succeeded him.* In 1822, a society of gentlemen was formed in Newburyport for the religious instruction of the people at "the Shoals," to which a society of ladies was auxiliary. This society supplied a teacher there for about nine years, when, having incurred a debt for the repairing of the meeting-house, (the interior of which was accidentally burned in 1826,) they suspended their operations in 1831, and for twenty months this people were without any teacher or minister. It was at this period, 1833, that Mrs. Greenleaf assumed the responsibility of supplying them with instruction. She first sent them a female teacher for the summer and autumn, and then a male teacher for the other seasons. In a few years, Rev. Origen Smith was stationed there, with his family, at a salary of three hundred dollars, on which he lived comfortably for several years, in the parsonage house, which was erected during Mr. Stephens' ministry. But his health failed, and he was obliged to leave. Others have since taken his

*Most of this information, respecting the Shoals, has been obtained from several articles which appeared in the Newburyport Herald, in 1841.

place. "The Society for propagating the gospel" have again aided this people, and for several years past, have allowed from $150 to $200 per annum for the support of the minister there. Rev. Mr. Peabody, of Portsmouth, and a society of ladies there, have also been active and persevering in their efforts for this people. Mrs. G. always felt that she was much indebted to them for the efficient aid they rendered her when she undertook to sustain a school and the ministry there.

Rev. O. D. Eastman is now stationed at Gosport. A small bell has been given by Mr. Ebenezer Stedman, of Newburyport, for the belfry of the meeting-house. Their surplus revenue they employed in painting the inside of the house, and it is now neat and comfortable. A school-house has been erected within a few years; and as a manifest improvement has been made within thirty years, the hope is indulged that far greater progress may yet be seen.*

The following is an extract from a letter, from a young man in Gosport, which was received after the preceding Memoir was in press:

"Mr. Eastman will commence the winter school the first Monday in November. He is a very good man; spends all his time in endeavoring to do good. The morals of the people have greatly improved

* The present number of inhabitants is about 120.

these last few years. But it should be with grateful hearts that we look upon benevolence abroad, for the privilege of obtaining mental and moral improvement. To your dear departed mother, I feel myself to be much indebted. I fear, had it not been for her kind zeal, ever manifested for this people, I should, to-day, be ignorant of what little I do know. The Lord reward her.

" Yours, very respectfully,

W. C. N."

THE END.

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